A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants."--Macauley.

FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy, Pioneer Achievement

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W. M.

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Dalhart
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Lubbock
Abilene
San Angelo
Midland
Odessa
Big Spring
Sweetwater
Colorado
Brownwood
Ballinger
Del Rio
Uvalde
San Antonio
Laredo
Corpus Christi
Victoria
Houston
Galveston
Austin
Waco
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Perryton
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Hereford
Plainview
Lubbock
Levelland
Seminole
Andrews
Big Lake
Sonora
Del Rio
Eagle Pass
Laredo
Brownsville
Harlingen
Corpus Christi
Kingsville
Alice
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FRONTIER TIMES
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS
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Desperate Fighting at Adobe Walls

Thrilling Recital of How Twenty-Eight Men Successfully Combatted More Than Five Hundred Indians on the Canadian River, in Hutchinson County, in 1874.

El Paso Times, May 4, 1913.

What is known as the Adobe Walls fight probably stands pre-eminent above all other Indian fights that have occurred in Western Texas. It is the story of 28 men successfully repulsing the repeated desperate attacks of more than five hundred well armed Indians, superstitious, fanatical, made desperate by the white man's aggressions, and confident of victory by the sorcery of their medicine men. A great many romantic accounts of this fight have been written, all of them conflicting one with another, and perhaps none of them correct. The following account was obtained from one of the participants, and has been pronounced correct by another man who participated in the memorable affair, and may therefore be accepted as authentic:

Adobe Walls is isolated in the northeastern portion of Hutchinson county, Texas, some miles north of the Canadian river. By whom the Adobe Walls were first constructed is history lost in obscurity. It was undoubtedly built as a fort and is perhaps the most unique and unusual structure in the state, if not in the entire Southwest. The walls are several feet high, very thick at the bottom and taper gradually toward the top; are well provided with portholes and have but one entrance, which can easily and effectively be barricaded. The walls encompassed a considerable space, a sufficient space, in fact, on which to erect three or four houses of moderate size. It is perhaps a fact that Kit Carson at one time had a trading post there, and he is the first white man known to have made use of the place, but when Carson discovered the walls they evidenced much age and were verging into decline.

In 1874 Charlie Rath, Charley Meyers, and perhaps one or two others who had been running buffalo hunters' supply establishments in Dodge City, Kan., went to Adobe Walls and established branch concerns, the buffalo hunters being very plentiful in that vicinity. These supply traders repaired the walls, inside of which they built a considerable stockade, which might really be termed three separate buildings. In one of the buildings was a saloon, and in the other two were stocks of merchandise, these stocks of merchandise being composed of such coarse wearing apparel as men engaged in rough life would need; some tobacco, salt, coffee, bacon, flour, etc.

In short, it was a typical buffalo supply station, especially the saloon part of it. In this place there were a few barrels of self-replenishing whiskey, a crude bar, a few glasses, and a dozen or so tin cups to be used in case of a rush of business; a dice box and a few decks of well worn cards with which customers could while away time. In one corner sat a full complement of grave-digging tools, to be used in the event a dispute should arise. Hunters, soldiers and scouts were constantly coming and going from Adobe Walls, but whether there were few or many men about the place the saloon always caught the crowd. Here the hunter, the scout and the soldier recounted their experiences, drank to eat others' health, became boon companions for a few minutes or a few hours and then went their respective ways, perhaps never to meet again. This saloon, hugged in prehistoric walls, reminders of a desolate past and an isolated present, was the hostelry where rugged frontiersmen enjoyed for a short period the companionship of their kind and the exhilarating effect of civilization's principal product. When bedtime came, whatever

hour that might be, the men about the saloon would spread their pallets on the floor.

"And if some fat man didn't
snore,"

they would sleep the sleep of the just, but if some fellow did snore they would wake him up every few minutes and make him treat.

There were sleeping apartments in the stores, that is, any one was welcome to sleep in the stores if he preferred to do so. At another place in this sketch the relevancy of his narrative will be apparent.

In June, 1874, J. J. Clinton was returning to Texas from Fort Dodge, to which place he had gone with a herd of beef cattle. He had with him two Mexicans, a chuck wagon and quite a number of saddle horses. While going up the trail a lot of horses had been lost in the Anadarko, and when returning Clinton quitted the trail near this place, and was traveling across the country hunting for the lost horses. On the morning of June 23, one of the Mexicans was sent to round up the horses and start them on the way. He returned a few minutes later and reported that he had discovered a large Indian trail. An investigation proved the correctness of the report and the further fact developed that quite a number of horses were missing. Realizing the danger of his position and knowing about where the Adobe Walls were situated Clinton and the Mexicans mounted the best horses in the bunch and started at once for the place, which, after a day's hard ride they reached about sundown. Here they found assembled, more by accident than by design, about twenty-five men, one of the men having his wife with him. The men were nearly all strangers to each and composed a characteristic Western bunch.

They were gambling, drinking and carousing around in true frontier style, and when Clinton had reported the discovery his Mexicans made he was laughed at and made the butt of many jokes and unpleasant pleasantries. Bat Masterson, the noted scout, was the only man in the crowd with whom Clinton was acquainted, of of whose existence he had any previous knowledge. Masterson knew Clinton too well to doubt his veracity, but he was very skeptical on this occasion, assuring Clinton that there was no danger, as there was not a hostile Indian within 500 miles of the place. None of the men were aware of the fact that only a few days previously the Comanche Cheyenne, Apache and Kiowa Indians had held a powwow or medicine dance in the Red hills, and resolved upon the advice and assurance of the medicine men to capture Adobe Walls, massacre its occupants and appropriate whatever might be of value. Undisturbed by the report brought by Clinton, the men continued to drink, play poker and enjoy themselves as the occasion required.

In the crowd was a young fellow considerably inclined to boast of his parentage, frequently referring to the fact that his father was a preacher. About night Masterson and a character by the name of Antelope Jack got into an argument as to which one had the right to hold four aces on the same deal. Antelope Jack carelessly reached for his gun to emphasize a strong point. Masterson reached for his just a little quicker and that settled the argument. It was now meet and proper that Jack should be buried and the point was raised as to how the services should be conducted Some one suggested the preacher's son was the proper party to perform the last sad rites. He declined and a general fracas was about to take place when it was mentioned that Antelope Jack had always expressed a desire to be buried without any funeral foolishness. So the matter was settled and the dead man was wrapped in his saddle blanket and laid beneath the cold, dry sod.

After the burial of Antelope Jack the crowd proceeded to have feast of reason and a flow of soul, and a general, all-round good time, smoking, drinking, joking, shaking dice and playing poker. About midnight all of the men laid down about the building and went to sleep, but were awakened about three o'clock by a most remarkable occurrence. The big ridge pole supporting the roof of the saloon broke with a loud report which aroused every man in the house. The roof did not fall in, merely sinking a few inches from its proper position, being supported by large posts. Everybody now decided that it was time to take another drink and discuss the ridge pole incident. Every man had a theory, of course. Some declared it was a warning; others said it was the spirit of Antelope Jack returned for a drink; others that he had come back to cash in his checks; others contended that it was a ghost after the preacher's son for not performing his

duty, and so the discussion continued until exhausted, whereupon all the men except Clinton, Billy Dixon and Arthur Forest had again gone to sleep on the floor and scattered about the house.

Day was just breaking when Dixon remarked to Clinton and Forrest:

"Boys, what is that? Is it a big herd of horses coming into camp?"

It was, but a big bunch of Indians were riding those horses. The alarm was given and a few moments of confusion reigned. But all of the men being practical frontiersmen, Dixon, an experienced Indian fighter, and Clinton, well trained in military tactics, soon had the men in perfect control. The doors were barricaded and each man was properly stationed and ready to open fire when directed to do so. Within less than a half minute from the time the alarm was given the men had cooled down and the defense was as perfect as the circumstances would permit.

As a general thing Indians do not like to fight in the open, but on this occasion, confident of their strength, believing the surprise would be complete and having the utmost faith in the prophesies of their medicine men, they leisurely formed in line of battle and then made their first desperate assault. There were more than five hundred of the desperate demons, every one of them yelling at the top of his voice and firing as rapidly as possible. At the proper time the order was given for the men to fire and then a deadly volley belched forth from the walls and raked the ranks of the desperate savages, but on they came and soon a desperate mass was dancing and yelling around the apparently doomed fort, but at last they wavered, fell back and then fled, leaving the ground covered with arms, dead and crippled horses and lifeless Indians, several of the dead Indians being within a few feet of the walls.

After the retreat one of the medicine men, riding a beautiful white horse, rode to a point several hundred yards from the walls, his object doubtless being to demonstrate to his followers that his medicine was the best brand on the market and that the white man's bullets could not harm him. Bat Masterson trained his buffao gun on him, raised the globe sight pulled the trigger and there was a medicine man less among the Comanche Indians. This doubtless discouraged the Indians and they withdrew to the hills, beyond the range of the buffalo guns to caucus or make more medicine, and the men in the fort now prepared breakfast and strengthened the defense as far as possible.

With the Indians was a big, coal black, burly negro bugler, a deserter from the regular army. This negro had kept himself well in the rear, but he had done much to encourage the Indians and by his bugle calls had made their efforts much more systematic and effective.

About 10 o'clock the Indians had their medicine made and it was seen that a second attack was to be made immediately. About 300 of the Indians rode out and started leisurely toward the walls, whie the remainder remained as a reserve force, ready to do as direited. Presently the attacking force gave a terrific yell and they charged upon the walls with a mad rush. When within a few hundred yards of the walls the men opened fire and did considerable execution, but instead of halting, the Indians divided, swept around the fort and began looking for a possible weak spot upon which to make a concentrated assault. During this time there was a perfect roar of rifle fire, the 200 Indians on the hill keeping up a constant hombardment on the walls and the men behind the walls firing at the Indians now surging around them. Again the Indians gave way and retreated, leaving an additional litter of dead. Indians and horses on the ground about the walls and throughout the valley. During the day there were several more attacks, none of them being very vicious or any of much consequence, the evident purpose of these feints being to have the white men exhaust as much ammunition as possible.

The situation was now growing desperate with the white men. Ammunition and water was getting scarce and while the place was in siege neither could be replenished.

A consultation was held and it was decided that the necessary thing to do was to kill the principal medicine man and the negro bugler. This could not be done from the walls as these two important personages kept well beyond the gunshot range. They would lead the charge for a short distance and then fall to the rear.

Some distance in front of the walls was a bunch of brush and back of the brush was a big freight wagon. It was decided to send a party of men to this place and there lie in concealment until the negro

bugler and the medicine man came close enough to be killed.

The Indians on the hill were holding another council, the medicine man had just prepared a free decoction and it was evident that another attack would soon be made, and that action must be taken at once. Clinton, Dixon, Billie Tyler and the two Shadley brothers crept out and concealed themselves behind the freight wagon. They had scarcly done so when the whole Indian force charged toward the walls. As they rounded the point of the hill the negro and the medicine man were in front and close together. Five buffalo guns were trained upon them, there were five simultaneous reports, the negro threw up his hands and fell from his horse, the medicine man reeled, but turned and rode to the rear of the charging column, where he fell to the ground, his horse falling on him, both having received mortal wounds. The charge was not slackened, however, and the five men fled for the walls, protected as much as possible by the guns of the men behind the walls. Just as they reached the walls the Shadley brothers were both shot, and as they were falling Billie Dixon rushed between them, grabbed each around the waist and dragged them inside. Just then Billie Tyler threw up his hands and exclaimed:

"Boys, they have got me, but for God's sake don't let the devils scalp me."

Clinton rushed back to the wounded man, who was dead when he reached him, and carried him safely within the walls. Of the five men who had gone out two of them returned alive.

Once more the Indians charged right up to the walls, hesitated for a moment and then retreated for the last time. Thoroughly discouraged by their severe losses, especially the death of the medicine man and the negro bugler, the Indians retired into the mountains where they were captured by General Miles the following day and returned to the reservation.

Before abandoning the attack, however, the Indians succeeded in carrying off all their dead comrades, and the next morning the men behind the walls looked upon a valley strewn with dead horses. One of the Indian chiefs afterwards made a statement to the effect that more than one hundred Indians had been killed as a result of the day's fighting.

After the Indians had retired the Shadley brothers and Billie Tyler were buried in one grave, with their blankets wrapped around them.

Mrs. Olds who, with her husband, was sleeping in one of the store houses when the fight came up, deserves her portion of praise in this affair. It is said that she never manifested a particle of nervousness, encouraged the men in every way possible and rendered all assistance within her power.

The following people were inside the Adobe Walls during the seige:

Bat Masterson, Tobe Robinson, Arthur Forrest, two Shadley brothers, Charley Meyers, Fred Meyers, Bill Langdon, Charley O'Keefe, Charley Rath, Joe Langdon, Billie Dixon, Fred Leonard, Jim Hanrahan, Mike McCabe, Lem Wilson, "Whiskey" Smith, John Clinton, Henry Seay, Mrs. Olds, Henry Wertz, Moccasin Jim, George Burr, two young Englishmen two Mexicans and one other man whose name was not learned.

Of the twenty-eight men who participated in this fight the whereabouts of none are now known. Bat Maasterson was a deputy United States marshal in New York city, Billie Dixon was a ranchman in the Panhandle and John Clin ton was city marshal of Abilene. After the fight, however, many of the participants performed conspicuous parts in the frontier history of Texas, some of them as business men, some officers, some government scouts and some as hunters.

Billy Dixon and Bat Masterson are both dead.

Would Like to Hear From Comrades

I am an old-time ranger and would like to hear from some of the other old-time boys. Maybe some of them are still alive. I have not heard from most of the members of my company in fifty-three years. The first company was Company E. Swisher's command, and the last Company D. Perry's command. I would like to know when and where they will meet; I would like to see the old boys again. SARGANT P. ELKINS.

Tishomingo, Ok., R. F. D. No. 1.

Many school teachers throughout the state will use Frontier Times in their school work. They will find this little magazine a valuable aid as a source reader in the study of Texas history. It gives real historical information supplied by real pioneers, men and women who had a part in the making of the history of our state.

Thrilling Tales of Early Times in Texas

By Taylor Thompson.

Taylor Thompson, now deceased, was a well known printer, newspaper man, ranger, and Confederate soldier. His series of articles, dealing with his experiences on the frontier, which will appear in this Magazine, will be found very interesting.

I was raised in San Antonio, and the population of that city in my boyhood was largely Catholic, and about one-third of the population was Mexican Cathilics, and I well remember how the boys of that day used to look forward to the coming of Christmas with eagerness, as we would to the coming of a circus or some other pageant. The Christmas festivities usually began in the Mexican part of the town west of the San Pedro, about two weeks before Christmas, and lasted till daylight Dec. 26. During that time the American boys, as well as many grown people, were wont to visit the Mexican part of the town to witness the Christmas ceremonies. There was one custom that, so far as I know, was observed only by Mexican Catholics. This was known as the "pastores," or shepherds, and the ceremony consisted of a kind of pageant in which a number of people dressed in the garb of shepherds of old to parade through the streets after night, their destination being a house somewhere in the neighborhood fitted up to represent a stable where the infant Jesus was found asleep in the manger by the shepherds, who were guided to the spot by the star of Bethlehem.

The ceremonies, and especially the chanting, were attractive, though weird, and nearly all Protestants and especially strangers in the city, were wont to visit the Mexican part of the town at that season. It often happened that the spectators did not show that respect to the ceremonies which the Mexicans thought due them, and the chanting "pastores", or shepherds, were often jeered at by the onlookers. This would be resented by standing Mexicans, and collisions often occurred. I remember about 1858, when a fight occurred about midnight one night, in which one of the pastores was killed by a stray shot and several other people, among them several Americans were seriously injured. I remember the investigation that followed the next day before a justice of the peace, in which I figured as a witness. It was never ascertained who fired the shot that killed the "shepherd."

In the winter of 1864, while serving as a Texas ranger with a party of ten men I was returning from the unsuccessful chase of a party of Indians, when we reached a small Mexican settlement on the Rio Grande, about thirty miles above Eagle Pass. On the opposite side of the river there was another Mexican settlement, and the two communities had joined in the Christmas festivities which were being carried on on the Texas side. My party stopped there for several days to rest and recuperate our jaded horses, and we had an opportunity to watch the various amusements in progress. These amusements consisted in the daytime of horse racing, cock fighting and other sports, while at night there was dancing, gambling and the "pastores" were in full blast. My men were all Mexicans and two or three of them were taking part in the "pastores" ceremonies. One evening about 200 head of horses had been penned at this settlement because of a report that an Indian trail had been found two or three miles from the settlement, the trail having been made by a large party of Indians moving southward. A squad was put around the pen where the horses were, but no one supposed there was any real danger of an attack, and the festivities proceeded as usual. About 11 o'clock that night a large party of Indians made a dash at the corral, yelling "as if all the fiends that fell had pealed the banner cry of hell." A few shots were also heard, and my men mounted as quick as they could saddle their horses and were joined by all the men who were taking part in the ceremonies of the "pastores." Of course this broke up the festivities. The moon was shining brightly and we had a running fight with the Indians for several miles in the cource of which one of the "shepherds" was killed and two of my men, one of whom had been playing the role of shepherd, were quite seriously wounded. One of the men on gaurd at the corral had been killed at the first dash of the Indians and as the result of the running fight we found five dead Indians after daylight next morning.

Capt. Wright, a Gallant Texas Ranger

By J. Will Falvella, in San Antonio Express.

When the Republic of Texas ceased to exist in 1848 and Texas became one of the States of the Union, one of the first measures enacted by the newly-created State Legislature late in that year was by the passage of a bill calling for the establishment of a State constabulary to be known as the Texas Rangers.

From the very beginning of the organization of the first company, which consisted of a captain, a sergeant and a company of men anywhere from ten to twenty fully mounted and armed, the slogan of the Texas Rangers has been, "Go get your man. Get him alive if you can; dead if you must, but don't come back until you get him." And it was thus that when a ranger or a company of rangers started out to get some of the worst criminals that infested the State they went prepared to fight to the death, for often the criminal they were after was the leader of a gang of bad men who hesitated at nothing and such a thing as trying to kill those who pursued them was mere child's play.

The rangers of the early days of Texas had a hard life to lead, but they were of that mettle of which real men were made, and besides enduring all the hardships of weather in the great outdoors, suffering all the pangs of hunger that beset them, and encountering all the vicissitudes that could be their lot, they never flinched in their duty to their State or their country. Ever since their organization the Texas Ranger force has been under the command of the adjutant-general's department of Texas, and often instead of dispatching a company of State militia comprising a hundred or more to put down some disturbance or run down a gang of criminals, the adjutant general sent a company of six or eight trusty Texas Rangers on the hazardous missions and they did their work in short order and with credit to their organization. In years gone by, and even at this time, when the ranchmen of Texas needed protection from the gangs of marauding cattle and horse thieves that visited their herds they always asked for ranger protection and they got it.

The oldest Texas Ranger captain now in the service, and as brave and fearless a man as ever was in the srvice, is Captain Will L. Wright, commanding Company B, Texas Rangers, who makes his headquarters at Weslaco, Texas, near the Rio Grande, but who, with his company of a sergeant and ten men, "covers" the entire border country of Texas from Point Isabel and Brownsville to Laredo and Eagle Pass, a border front over 300 miles in length, in addition to scouting work done far inland. Captain Wright was born in Yorktown, DeWitt County, 56 years ago, and was reared and educated in that section of Texas. He was elected sheriff of Wilson County in 1902 and served in that capacity fifteen years.

While serving as sheriff in 1904 he protected a Mexican named Refugio Jarquez, who had been arrested for a heinous crime, against a mob of about 150 infuriated citizens, who tried to take the Mexican away from him. When the mob overtook him and demanded the man Sheriff Wright pulled his revolver, stood in front of the Mexican and told the members of the gathering, which included one of his dearest friends, that as sheriff he was going to deliver his prisoner to the county jail that justice might take its course and that the first man who laid hand on that prisoner would be a dead man. As Sheriff Wright held the mob at bay some other officers arrived on the scene and the prisoner was taken to the Wilson County jail. Sometime later when this same Mexican had been taken on to the scaffold at Floresville by Sheriff Wright to be hung for his crime a priest was standing on one side of him saying a prayer and Sheriff Wright was on the other side with bowed head. Suddenly the Mexican whirled about and drove a spoon knife (a knife made out of a spoon pounded flat) into Sheriff Wright's left breast just above the heart. Sheriff Wright was rushed to a room of the jail and medical aid given him, while the execution was carried out by his brother.

In 1898 Will Wright entered the Texas Ranger service under Capt. J. H. Rogers, that being before he was elected sheriff of Wilson County. As a lieutenant in 1899 he was stationed at Cotulla alone when J. R. Davenport, conceded to be one of the most dangerous "bad men" in

Texas at the time, took a dislike to Lieut. Wright and decided to make Cotulla too small to hold him. Davenport and another "bad man" of the town contrived to harass Wright and then "get" him. They fired a shot in one part of town and when Wright shoed up they claimed a gun was discharged accidentally. Several other such things occurred until one day a friend of Wright's informed him that Davenport had boasted that he was going to "get" him (Wright) in short order. Wright armed himself with a revolver and Winchester and went down to the old P. & J. saloon in Cotulla, placed his Winchester just inside the door of the side room and sat down in front of the saloon and waited for Davenport to show up. In a short time Davenport arrived and when he reached a point in front of the saloon near Wright he stopped when Wright told him to throw up his hands. Instead of throwing up his hands, however Davenport pulled his gun and fired, the bullet passing through Wright's coat. Wright had his gun in action by this time and Davenport was shot down and killed. The other bad man with Davenport, who was in the saloon, surrendered to Wright. At his examining trial for the killing of Davenport a number of witnesses gave testimony exonerating Wright.

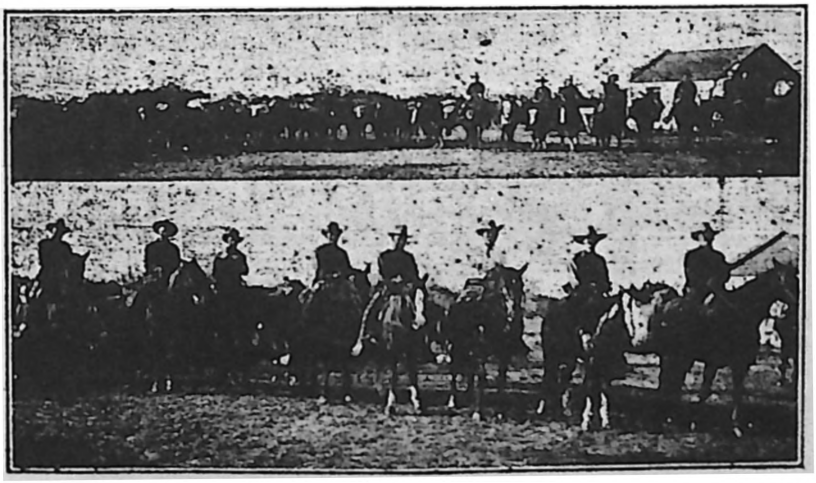
In 1918 the commission of captain of Company B of Texas Rangers was issued to Capt. Wright by Adjutant General Harley.

In 1919 Capt. Wright was arresting a dangerous Mexican named Davila in Brownsville when the man suddenly swung about and stabbed him in the right breast, but a package of tobacco stopped the dagger and only a slight wound resulted. When the Mexican made a second lunge at him Capt Wright was forced to fire and kill the man.

Since his appointment as captain of Rangers, Capt. Wright and his company have had eight battles with Mexican smugglers and bootleggers, and while most of these running battles were at close range, neither the Ranger commander nor any of his men have been wounded or killed. In November, 1921, in five days Capt. Wright and his company captured a total of 4,200 quarts of Mexican liquors and 63 pack horses, while several of the Mexican smugglers and bootleggers were killed and a number wounded. One of these fights with bootleggers in 1921 was on November 17 at Colorado Chiquita, in Zapata County, on November 18 near Bruni, in Webb County, and on November 22 near Bernama ranch in Duval County—showing the vast range of country over which the Ranger company pursued the bootleggers with the contraband goods.

Capt. Wright and his Ranger company are still doing valiant work in preserving the safety of ranchmen and others and enforcing the laws, and the captain at this time is the oldest Ranger commander in the service from the standpoint of continuous work and still the same fearless man. Mrs. Wright and one son make their home at Floresville; another son, Charles H. Wright, is in the customs service at Rio Grande City, while another son, Will L. Wright Jr., is a member of his father's Ranger company

Capt. Wright and his Rangers still use their ponies, as by this means they can penetrate the thickest of the dense chaparral that skirts the border of Texas and run down the criminal in his lair in some arroyo or secret place When he gets orders from his commander in chief, the Governor, or the adjutant general to "go and get him." there is nothing on earth to prevent Capt. Wright carrying out the order if it is within man's power to do so.



Capt. Will Wright and His Rangers, after apturing 4,000 Quarts Liquor (above on pack mules) on the Border.

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

John Robert Baylor was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky on the 20th day of July, 1822, and died in Uvalde County, Texas, in 1895.

His father, Dr. John Baylor, was a physician and surgeon and was Assistant Surgeon of the 7th United States Infantry. As Assistant Surgeon, Dr.Baylor and family followed the fortunes of the regiment, for that reason John R. Baylor spent part of his young life in Kentucky, Mississippi, Arkansas and the Indian Territory. When quite a young man he came to Texas, stayed at Marshall for a short time, then went to La Grange in Fayette county, where he arrived in time to join the command of Col John H. Moore, who had been commissioned to raise a command to pursue and chastise the Indians who had escaped the Plum Creek fight.

On October 5th, 1840, Col. Moore left Fayette county with his command of ninety Texans and twelve Lipan Indians. After about a twenty day march, on October 23rd, the Indian spies reported an Indian village just ahead. On the morning of October 24th, the village was charged, when the Indians fled in every direction under a murderous fire from the Texans. This was a complete rout for the Comanches, though there were in this village about one hundred and twenty-five warriors. They made no attempt at a stand but fled in dismay. This was a war of extermination and after the fight men, women and children could be seen dead in every direction.

The work was done, and the butcheries of Victoria and Linnville were at least in part avenged. There were forty-eight of the Comanches killed at the village and eighty others killed near the village waile in flight and thirty-four prisoners remained in the hands of th victors.

Thus was John R. Baylor introduced to Texas. He remained in Fayette county for nearly two years. He returned to Marshall, where he married, and in 1844, came back to Fayette county and settled near Fayetteville, where he started a farm and cattle ranch and where he was active in all matters of public interest, waged a relentless warfare on all disreputable characters and was generally elected to command any expedition against outlaws, hence his title, Captain Baylor.

During his residence in Fayette he was elected a member of the Legislature, 1852-1854, also was admitted to the bar and engaged for a time in the practice of law.

In view of the fact that I have stated in describing the fight between Col. Moore's men and the Comanches that men, women and children were killed, it may be well briefly to state the events which caused the expedition by Col. Moore. For many years prior to and including 1840, the Comanches had made frequent forays into the Texan settlement and among other outrages they had killed man, women and children and carried off many captives. In February, 1840, a few of these Indians came to San Antonio for the purpose of making peace, so they claimed, with Texas. They were told by the peace commissioners to bring in the thirteen white children they had and peace would be granted. They promised that at the next full moon they would do so. On the 19th of March, a little after the appointed time, the Indians, sixty-five in all, men women and children, came in, bringing but one captive. Twelve chiefs met with the commissioners in the Council House. The commissioners inquired about the other captives. The Indians at once became insolent and threatening and soon a fight was on in full blast and every chief in the council-room was killed. The warriors not of the council fought desperately in the yard. All the warriors, thirty-two in number, were killed as were three women and two children. Twenty-seven women and children were made prisoners. The Texans had seven killed and eight wounded. The Comanches continued to hang around San Antonio for quite a time after the Council-House fight, but finally they retired to their homes on the upper branches of the Texas rivers to make serious preparations for a terrible visitation on the white settlements.

The Council-House fight took place on the 19th day of March, 1840. On August 6th following, the Comanches attacked Victoria, in and near which place they killed fifteen persons and carried away many horses and cattle, committing

murders and robberies as they went. On the 8th they attacked Linnville on the coast. Linnville was a small town of only five houses. When the Indians made the attack, the citizens fled to the bay, where most of them found safety in a boat. The Indians remained in town all day burning the houses one at a time and destroyed everything they did not wish to carry away. Six persons were killed and a Mrs. Watts carried into captivity. The number of savages making this foray was numbered at four hundred. The news of the invasion spread rapidly throughout the settlements and companies of men hurriedly organized and rushed to intercept the invaders. The Battle of Plum Creek was fought with these Comanches in which battle they were badly routed, losing about eighty warriors, besides all the plunder, horses and cattle they had driven off. Mrs. Watts was recaptured and returned to her friends, her husband having been killed when Linnville was attacked and destroyed. The Texas Government was determined still to pursue these Comanches and give them yet another proof of its ability to chastise them. Accordingly, in September, Col. John H. Moore had orders to raise a volunteer force in Fayette county and march up the Colorado in pursuit of those that escaped at Plum Creek. In an attack, such as Col Moore's was, it would be impossible to make a distinction between Indian men and women, as their dress was similar, and besides that, the women fought as the men did. The killing of the children was purely accidental, but always happened when an Indian village was attacked.

Early in the year 1856, Captain Baylor, with his family, moved from Fayette county, Texas, where I was born, to the Comanche agency, which was at that time located at Camp Cooper, on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River. Captain Baylor was appointed agent for the Comanche Indians in 1855, hence his moving to that section at this early date. I was then nine years old and soon made friends with the Indian boys of my age and we had many happy days, playing and bathing together, and many was the biscuit I sneaked out and exchanged for the arrows of my Indian friends. There were all told, about five hundred Comanches on this reservation and there may have been some good ones, but, certain it is that there were many bad ones. Every few months, citizens came to the agency in search of stolen horses and generally found them there in possession of some Indians. During our stay at the agency, of one and one-half-years, more than three hundred head of stolen horses were taken from the reservation Indians and returned to their owners. These same Indians were murdering our people throughout our entire frontier.

Wounded Indians returned to the Reservations. I saw one. There was weeping and wailing and slashing themselves with knives by the squaws for Indians who did not die on the reservation. This condition was very apparent in the early part of 1857. Captain Baylor became satisfied from what he saw that the Comanche Reservation Indians were doing practically all the horse stealing and murdering and scalping along our frontier. He had very decided views upon those matters and earnestly insisted that people who stole horses were horse thieves and should be dealt with as such, and, people who ruthlessly murdered women and children were murderers of worst type and deserved hanging. He made known his views to those in authority, his views were at variance with theirs, and Captain Baylor's views were bitterly resented and as a result was notified that his services were no longer needed as agent.

Just about this time a man by the name of Gentry, who lived in Grayson county I think, had all his horses stolen and as usual came to the reservation and, as was the custom, found all his horses there in possession of a reservation Comanche. Captain Baylor took the horses away from the Indian and delivered them to Mr. Gentry, who had abundant proof that the horses were his.

There is another incident I wish to relate while the Reservation Comanche is the subject. In the winter of 1856, Captain Baylor took nearly all the Comanche Indians on a buffalo hunt, and, as an interpreter, took along a Deleware Indian named Jack Hunter. This Indian spoke English fairly well as he did also the Comanche language. I think this Indian, Hunter, was employed by the Government as a scout and as such was at times in Camp Cooper and at other times at Phantom Hill. Captain Baylor led the Indians northward as far as Pease River, then turned westward for quite a distance. Buffalo were plentiful everywhere and were fat, so there was no scarity of meat. Finally the In-

dians settled down to killing buffalo and drying the meat. After they had all the dried meat they wanted, horses were packed with it and a start was made for the reservation. When within forty miles of the reservation, Captain Baylor left the Indians and came alone. He was scarcely out of sight of them when those devils with malice and in cold blood killed Jack Hunter.

This hunt with the Indians proved to be of great benefit to Captain Baylor in later years, as he observed with care all the prominent land marks, such as mountains, their form and their course and approximate course and distance from other mountains, the streams, timber and all the larger topographical features of the country, by which means he knew the country as well as the Indians.

During his stay at the reservataion Captain Baylor bought about three hundred head of stock cattle. When his services were no longer needed he with his family moved some eighteen miles further down the Clear Fork and established among the first, if not the first cattle ranch in Stephens county. As the county is, our ranch was in the Northwest corner.

This was a beautiful country, game of all kinds in great abundance, streams teeming with fish of the choicest varieties, wild turkey without number roosting every night in sight of our ranch. We could find bee trees when we wished and had honey without stint. Surely we had found the land of milk and honey. The pecan trees seemed to bear every year and we had all the fresh nuts we wanted and left the ground covered. Our nearest town was Fort Belknap, some forty miles away. Our neighbors began to settle along the Clear Fork so that we had neighbors as close as seven and eight miles. They were men and women of the finest type, good, strong men and women who hadn't time to get sick because it was too far to a doctor, the nearest one being forty miles distant at Fort Belknap. They were not afraid of hardships or dangers, always ready to do an act of kindness and it was never too cold nor the night too dark nor stormy for them to go warn you of impeding danger. They have filled their little corner of life and are gone, but they blazed the way for the splendid civilization which has followed and which has made the section where they lived blossom as the rose.

Notwithstanding the pristine beauty and virgin freshness of that country and its enticing looks, our peace was greatly disturbed because there was an inhabitant which had not yet been driven out, who was a thorn in the flesh and who continually vexed us in the land where we dwelt. Danger lurked in our pathway continually; dangers many and imminent from the Indians on the Camp Cooper reservation and their brethren further north. This reservation was little better than a rendezvous for horse thieves and murderers , for such the Comanches were pure and simple, and the lower reservation was not altogether free from taint.

Every light of the moon we were more diligent if possible and corralled our horses so near the houses they were safe or hid them in some secluded spot after dark.

Thus we lived, month in and out, in eternal dread of attack or the theft of our stock, particularly the theft of horses. The Comanche was an Ishmaelite pure and simple, his "hand was against every man and every man's hand against him." He was a murderer and thief by nature. He would murder and scalp your family, steal your horse and then fight you to death. The Indian of poetry and the pen of romance was not on our frontier. The one spoken of as:

"The poor Indian of untortored mind
Sees God in the clouds or hears him in the wind,"

was never on the Texas Frontier. He was a cruel savage in every species of brutality. He could kill and scalp women and children and glory in the deed. I have stated this much about the Comanche to show what we were up against in our sparsely settled country where we were aimost at the mercy of the Indians.

During our stay at our ranch, I think in the fall of 1858, two men appeared on the scene, a Mr. Ross and a Mr. Cassiday. They had with them a negro named Thurston. These men came into the country for the purpose of establishing a cow ranch and stayed with us while they were looking for a suitable location, which they finally found on Hubbards Creek, some ten miles south from us. After selecting the ranch, Mr. Ross returned to St. Louis for the purpose of making arrangements to buy cattle to stock the ranch.

In the way of fire arms, Mr. Cassidy brought with him a very fine shot gun which helped to make frontier history, as we will see later on. After the departure of Mr. Ross, Mr. Cassidy decided to go to his selected ranch and begin to make improvements. He hired a young man who was living with us, by the name of Virgel Wooley, to accompany him. So on the appointed day Cassiday, Wooley, Capt. Baylor, Thurston and myself went to the Ross-Cassiday Ranch.

Mr. Cassiday pitched his tent on the bank of Hubbard Creek and late that evening as far as one could see up and down the creek, the trees were lined with turkeys at roost.

Capt. Baylor and myself returned home on the third day after having piloted Cassiday to his ranch. We left with him one of our horses, Belton by name, for use in case of emergency. The ranchman had begun in earnest to make improvements, cutting down house logs and poles for stock pens and other necessary improvements around the ranch. About a week after the camp was established, at noon as the trio were returning from their work, they captured a big fat oppossum. After noon, Thurston, who was not feeling well, was allowed to remain in camp and among other things was to clean and cook the opposum. Cassiday and Wooley returned to their work just across the valley and in full view of the camp. Just as the sunset was approaching and as they were thinking of going to camp, they heard a gun fire in that direction. At first they thought it was Thurston practicing, but not so, in a few seconds they saw five or six Indians come from under cover of the creek bank, knock the tent down, rip the feather bed open, give it a shake to scatter the feathers thoroughly, take all te bedding and Belton, the horse,, and start off in a run.

Cassiday and Wooley could not determine whether the Indians had killed Thurston or carried him off with them. Their hope was that he had been taken prisoner. Since everything they had was gone, except Cassiday's shot gun, which he had with him, there was nothing to go to the camp for and besides they feared the Indians had secreted some of their party near camp to shoot them down when they returned. The Indians had seen Cassiday and Wooley and doubtless thought they would rush to the camp as soon as they, the Indians, left. But, not so, Cassiday figured that a trap had been laid, and that he would not walk into it. Then, the next best thing to do was to make haste through a trackless wilderness full of vicious animals and likely Indians still more vicious, to the Baylor ranch. There was no road, no trail, nothing to guide them except the fact they must go north.

The barking of our dogs at an unusual hour warned us that somthing out of the ordinary was happening and the older members of the family being on the lookout saw two men approaching sometime before they reached the house. Cassiday and Wooley made their presence known and soon were relating their story to eager listeners. From their statement it was clear that something must be done at once. If Thurston had been carried off, he must be recaptured, if dead he must be buried.

Capt. Baylor took charge of affairs and that same night sent his negro man down to Clear Fork to warn the people that the Indians were in the vicinity and what they had done, and for as many men as could leave home to come to his ranch early next day. Several men came and with Capt. Baylor, Cassiday and Wooley went over to see what had happened at the Ross-Cassiday ranch. Upon arriving there, they found Thurston dead. It appeared that while seated on the ground near the fire, the Indians sneaked up near the camp under cover of the creek bank and one of the devils deliberately shot Thurston's brains out. The large one and struck him just between ball which struck him was an unusually the eyes and tore his skull literally to pieces and embedded itself in a large mesquite tree near the camp. Thurston was buried as well as could be in a washout place on the bank of Hubbard's Creek

In looking up the facts as to how the killing of Thurston was accomplished, it was evident that if Cassiday and Wooley had gone to camp they would have been killed.

The Indian trail was taken that evening and followed until dark, then it was evident that they were headed for the Comanche Agency. The next morning, on the trail, our horse, Belton, was found badly lanced and nearly dead. An Indian lanced him behind the shoulder and evidently thought he had killed him, but he did not succeed. Belton got well and in about a year afterwards took an active part in the killing of thirteen Com-

anches. Shortly after the party found one horse, the Indians had scattered so it was impossible to train them, and our people returned thoroughly sorry they had not avenged Thurston's death.

Shortly after the event I have mentioned, which was in 1858, the Indians killed a man near the agency, attacked the agent and wounded him severely. These were only a few of the things they did.

With the troubles I have mentioned and many others, Mr. Cassiday decided to leave the frontier for all time. Before leaving he gave his shot gun to Capt. Baylor, which was by far the best gun on the frontier at that time.

The situation became more desperate and the outrages more numerous and flagrant and it could be heard whispered around that Texas must rid itself of an element so dangerous to the peace and dignity of the State as the Indians.

During the year I am writing about, 1857-1860, the Comanches were continually raiding the counties of Parker, Palo Pinto, Jack and others, murdering and stealing horses. In Palo Pinto they scalped a little boy, the scalp was not entirely removed, but was left hanging over his eyes. The little fellow held it up as he staggered bleeding toward the house. Many such things happened.

In 1859 the Comanches killed William Holden who lived just below us on the Clear Fork. Young Holden had gone a short distance from his father's house to look for his horse, when he was suddenly surrounded by a bunch of Comanches, killed and scalped and his pistol taken. Not long after the killing of Holden, a Comanche was killed who had on his person the Holden pistol, which was identified by the number, which was 14271.

Shortly after the event I have been relating news came to us that the Indians had within a few miles of the reservation, killed and scalped a Mr. Lambshead. There was less excuse for the killing of Lambshead than for the killing of the negro Thurston. Mr. Lambshead was a young Englishman and had been in the country only a few months. He had never seen an indian until he came to the frontier and had never done the Indians nor anyone else any harm. For that reason he could not understand why any one would care to harm him. With such ideas in his head he wandered away from home one day and the Comanches killed him. Near this time the Indians caught a boy near his home and scalped him alive and let him go home in that condition. This happened not far from where Fort Griffin now is.

In the early winter of 1857 a Comanche chief from the reservation visited us on our ranch. His name was Pine-O-Chamma, (More of him hereafter.) He ate with us at our table. He seemed so awkward and ill at ease that he attracted the attention of the younger members of the family and we laughed heartily at him and his table manners. His squaw showed as much of the coyote as the chief did the wild hog. They left the following day and we heard no more of Pine-O-Chamma until early in 1860 when we learned that Parson Tackitt in a fight with a band of Comanches in Young county had punctured the chiefs intestines with a rifle ball, from the effects of which he died shortly afterwards at or near Fort Cobb. He went to that place after being wounded in Young county, Texas, where he had gone on a stealing and murdering expedition with some ten or fifteen followers.

After we moved to our ranch we had no trouble in our immediate section for something near a year.

In 1858, in the spring, Captain Wm. Preston, John Dawson, Tom Stockton, and others had quite a battle with some reservation Comanches on Hubbard's Creek. Several Comanches were killed; one of them had on his person a blanket issued to him at the Comanche reservation to keep him warm while he murdered our citizens.

There was a growing feeling against the Indians on the reservation. The belief that they were doing a larger part of the stealing and killing on the frontier and it was made a point to kill every Comanche caught off the reservation, and those not killed when caught off, had a run for their life.

I could tell of many killings and thefts by the Indians, but they all sound alike and one grows weary repeating them.

Every one in the country was strictly on the "qui vice", which resulted in some very amusing incidents. Our daily lives were as thrilling as the wildest fiction. I remember on one occasion three men left our ranch to go to Belknap. They had been gone for an hour perhaps when suddenly we saw them coming towards the ranch in a full run. When they reached the house they told us that "they had seen five Indians and that the Indians had chased them and were

only a little way back and coming this way; that they plainly saw an Indian on the side of a mountain who seemed to be directing the five who chased them; that one of the Indians was riding a paint horse." Suddenly, in the direction from which our friends came we saw five men. One of whom rode a paint horse. They were our neighbors. Explanation as to why we ran towards you and why we ran from you were satisfactorlly made and our friends resumed their journey The Indian they saw on the side of the mountain is still doing duty unless the woodman's ax has felled him. Similar things happened every few days.

During the year 1857-8 several different raids were made by the settlers along our frontier, up into the Indian country. Captain Baylor being familiar with the country and the ways of the Indians, was always selected to command the expedition. In this year a party of men came to our ranch from Lampasas county, anxious to make a raid into the Indian country; there were twelve or fifteen of them, most of them boys yet in their teens, but they were game chickens. The Indians had committed some horrible crimes in that county and stolen many horses. They choose Captain J. R. Baylor as their leader and started on their perilous journey. These men were well armed for those days, well mounted, good riders and good shots, a very necessary accomplishment for a frontiersman. No guady trappings, no gay equipments, no flying banners accompanied these men on their silent journey in a howling wilderness. This class of service or ranging, as it was so called, arose from an ever present danger threatening the settlers from hostile Indians. The Indian raids were irregular in time and uncertain as to where they would strike the frontier, but wherever they struck they killed, scalped and drove off horses in great number. In order to reduce the sudden incursions of the Indians into the frontier counties , these raids by the whites were made as a counter raid, intending to make the Indian feel that he was himself liable to attack at any time and thus keep fear in his heart and to reduce the number of his raids on our people, and no doubt these forays of our people prevented large bodies of Indians from raiding us.

These rangers came from the various counties along the frontier. From Lampasas county the Mullens were prominent from Bosque and Erath counties, Barry and Cureton were prominent names, and are still prominent. It must be remembered that these rangers were acting on their own account, furnished their own horses and outfit generally and contributed largely towards making the term "Texas Ranger" honored and loved and synonymous with the highest development of manliness and heroism.

Not all these raids of our people were successful, that is, not successful in the way of giving battle to the savages, but some of them were successful and during the years 1857-60 more than fifty braves were sent to their happy hunting ground by Captain Baylor and the men under his command. These raids by the settlers were very distasteful to the Indians and created quite a feeling against Captain Baylor, and he was informed that there was a big reward for his scalp. Whether this was true or not he never knew, but he acted as though it was true and generally went prepared to do the scalping himself, if any was to be done.

One morning in 1859, after the fight at the lower reservation, a miracle happened. Across th Clear Fork was quite a high mountain covered with low brush. On this particular morning, upon gathering up the horses, there was one horse short, the horse of Mr. Barclay. After some parleying Mr. Barclay went to a crossing on the Clear Fork just below the house to see if his horse had crossed to the oter side. Evidently eight or ten Indians had been watching the ranch from the mountain and when Mr. Barclay left the house the Indians left the mountain, and when he was busy looking for his horse tracks, the first thing he knew all avenues of escape were closed by eight or ten Comanches who, on horseback, completely surrounded him. The Indians, seeing that Barclay's was not the scalp they were after, for some unaccountable reason let him go, after taking a devilish delight in frightening him by pretending they were going to kill him but did no further harm to him than taking his tobacco, his pocket knife and a dollar in money and told him to "go," which he did, expecting every minute that an Indian would shoot an arrow through him. Why he was not killed, the Indians alone know. At this time the Indians discovered our negro man, Allen, who had gone quite a distance from the house to drive up a yoke of

oxen; they made a run to cut Allen off from the house and he hearing the horses feet looked, saw the Indians and knew what they were trying to do and right then and there was pnlled off the best run ever made on the frontier. Needless to say Allen won out. The Indians after their failure kept on runing and were soon out of sight. Capt. Baylor was not at the Ranch at this time. If he had been, no doubt, there would have been a different tale to tell.

Not long after this exciting insident a few cow boys were on Hubbard's Creek and saw a smoke arising out of a small thicket. A charge was made, the thicket surrounded a lone Indian was seen and soon sent to the happy hunting ground. This Indian must have been sick, as he was terribly emaciated and evidently had been left by his companions, and was trying to make his way back to his people He had caught a skunk and was quietly cooking it when the misfortune befell him. Sick or well he was not spared. Our people had been so greatly outraged, they showed no mercy, but slew all they caught.

Things were happening where we were, and from all accounts were happening all along the frontier southward as far as the Rio Grande. Families were murdered, children carried into captivity, others carried miles from home and left to their fate; some were found before they died, others found after they had died and found among the Comanches,ransomed others never found, while others were and brought home. A Mrs. Cornett living near Belknap was captured by the Indians and never afterwards heard of. About a year after her capture a dead body which had been wound in a blanket and hung up in a tree was found, Whether this was the remains of Mrs. Cornett or not, was never certainly known.

From the foregoing it can be seen that the "Red Peril" was very much in evidence. People now look at you in amazement and ask, "Why did you stay in such a country?" That is a natural question, but I am not sure I can answer it, but I do know that there is something wildly facinating in the life we were leading. To chase and be chased by Indians was adventure right. Some said they were going to stay until they had killed enough Indians to pay for the horses they had stolen. Others said they were going to stay until they killed enough Indians to pay for the members of their family they had killed; others stayed because it was a beautiful, free and easy country and they felt the Indians would soon be driven out.

In looking back to those years, I wonder myself why people lived there and voluntarily endured the hardships insident to a frontier life, as our frontier then was. But our settlers staed and fought to thebitter end, many of them made the supreme sacrafice, and much is is due them, for what that part of the state now is. It is no longer the grazing ground of the buffalo, nor the hunting ground of the savage, but is filled with a happy and prosperous people. Little do they know of the heartaches and heart breaks endured by the people who preceded them and whose chivalry and daring made their present happy homes possible. Little do they realize that while at San Antonio we have a single Alamo made sacred by the blood of martyrs, that all along our frontier of those days are ltte Alamos where no messenger was left to tell the story of unutterable murder and cruelty, and there is many a Thermopylae Pass as well. These little Alamos have crumbled to dust, nothing marks the spots where they stood. They are only a memory but a sacred one, and therir memory should ever be kept green in the hearts of the people of Texas. A monument ought to be erected to keep alive the memory of "The Old Settlers of Texas", and their gallant deeds and achievements properly commemorated.

Nearly all the men and women who shared the frontier life with me are gone to the great "Unknown". Their lips are sealed and many hair-breadth escapes and chivalrous deeds of their thrilling frontier life lies buried with them.

We love to honor the men and women of whom we can say "They did things", and these big hearted, red- blooded, one hundred per cent American, men and women did things. They were giving battle to the wolves and hyenas of humanity. Listen to their conversation when and where you please and you mind, and the utterance of every mouth would discover that the thoughts of every was three-fourths of it, related to Indians. How well they knew from sad experience, that one had only to scratch a Comanche but little to find a devil.

It is difficult to properly describe

those early settlers, to tell what they endured and what they did. It is hard to make their lives interesting on paper, because you cannot put on paper the thrill incident to a wild frontier life, their big warm heart beat, their friendly greeting, their hearty hand shake. When I think of them I feel that they were just such men and women as—

"Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give thet world assurance of a Man"—

and it is not to be wondered at, that their descendants went over the top on Texas frontier and in France, and wherever duty called, for it was in the blood. John Roy Baylor was killed in France. He was a lienal descendant of Capt. John R. Baylor who took such an active part in ridding North Texas of the Indians, and who was a distinguished Confederate officer.

I have seen that country, indeed almost all of Texas, grow from a howling wilderness filled with vicious savages, to a glorious prosperous country, now filled with a people who have made it a veritable Garden of Eden, and our northern frontier where we endured so much, is now the richest part of the State and rapidly developing its great mineral wealth.

The first settlers of Texas and those along our Northern frontier as it was in 1855, were the equal of any people on the earth or who were ever upon the earth and I repeat the State of Texas should erect a monument to prepetuate the memory of their brave and noble ancestors. This monument should be significant in its steadfast firmness; it should be built of the largest blocks of granite that could be lifted by the strongest machinery so that time and tide could not efface the words engraved upon its surface. Let this monument be erected as an everlasting memorial to every nation, kindred and tongue. Only then will we have paid the proper tribute to our honored forefathers. The difficulties, suffering and dangers of settlement were all heroically surmounted by them. The women with fortitude and courage equal to the occasion, cheered their husbands, fathers and brothers in the wilderness and strengthened them in the fields of battle. The past has buried its dead, and their habitations, like themselves, are but a memory and a name. The fair and stately dwellings which shelter this later generation, are but a contrast to those humble frontier homes now only mouldering reminders of the past. But those who dwell in them, men and women are immortal, and through walls of flesh and walls of stone crumble to dust there shall never lack a heart to treasure nor a pen to record the virtues of the men and women of those early times who,in honor and in reverence, laid the foundation upon which we are building our "Lone Star State". Plumed knights they were, both men and women, stainless knights with stainless shields. Indeed, eulogy itself stands silent before the picture.

We should not neglect our plain duty. Every foot of Texas is sacred to me, but especially sacred and consecrated by the blood of heroes is that part of the frontier where we lived.

When I think of those people long since gone and their splendid boys who made the supreme sacrafice in France for civilization, I always think of those beautiful lines of O'Hara:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
the warrior's last tattoo,
No more in life's parade shall meet, the
brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping ground, their
silent tents are spread,
While glory, guards with solemn sound
the bivouac of the dead."

Volume One Completed.

This issue of Frontier Times completes Volume One of this magazine. All who have kept eash number of Frontier Times and now have the twelve numbers may have them bound for one dollar by sending the complete volume to this office. In mailing your copies back to us be sure to put your name on the wrapper and also write us stating that you are sending them for binding. When the twelve numbers are bound the subscriber will have a book of over 400 pages of the best frontier history. We have had many requests for back numbers, but have not been able to supply them. Fortunate is the man or woman who has kept his or her copies intact, and can now have them bound. We would urge everybody to keep each number of Volume Two, which begins with our next issue, and at the end of the year another volume of good history will be in their possession.

Indians Murder Cooke County People

W. S. Adair., in Dallas News

Mrs. Sarah Witt McCutcheon, who makes her home with her son, W. R. Sheegog, 6120 Gaston avenue, Dallas, now in her eightieth year, recollects clearly some of the insidents of the Indian raid in Cook County in January, 1868.

"It was at daylight Sunday morning, Jan. 8, 1868," Mrs. McCutcheon said. "Father and brother Hardin had gone to join other settlers in repelling the Indians Mother, my little sister, two little orothers and I were alone in the house. We saw some of the Indians throw down the fence and run off fifteen head of horses that were in the lot, and others, approaching our house. At the same time father and brother, who had not been notified that Indians had been seen in the nighborhood of our house, returned, and entered the house from the rear. They had but one gun. Father got out in front with that and Hardin and the rest of bustled about trying to make it appear as if there were a number of armed men in the house. The Indians came up within thirty yards of the house, whooped and shot at the house, and once struck it with a pistol ball but were afraid to come on. Indians were great cowards in front of white men with guns in their hands.

"The Indians surrounding our house were watched by 200 or 300 of their band from the top of a hill half a mile away. We could plainly see them performing the war dance and hear the war whoop with which they accompanied the dance by way of encouraging their brethren below. They had several hundred head of horses which they had stolen. It was a time of awful suspense for mother and us children, and no doubt for father and brother, too, but the Indians, lacking the courage to brave fathr's gun, which carried but a single charge, at length withdrew.

"Mrs. Edward Sheegog, my sister-in-law, who lived three miles from us, was a prisoner in the hands of the Indians on the hill and could see all that took place around our house. She afterward told us that she had not the slightest doubt that those of us who escaped the arrows and tomahawks of the Indians would soon join her.

"The day Mrs. Sheegog was captured, her father, Joe Manasco, living seventeen miles west of Gainesville, noticing signs of Indians and knowing that his son-in-law, Edward Sheegog, was away from home hastened to his house and started to take Mrs. Sheegog, her infant child, her nieces, May and Lizzie Manasco, 8 and 10 years old, and a little negro boy to his own home. On the way the Indians fell upon the party, killed Mr. Manasco and carried Mrs. Sheegog and the children and the negro boy away.

"The first stop the Indians made after capturing Mrs. Sheegog was on the hill overlooking our house. That night the Indians made a hard ride. The weather had turned very cold, and, having been stripped of her clothing and even of her hair which the Indians cut close to her scalp, Mrs. Sheegog suffered intensely. During the night the Indians, thinking perhaps that she would soon die, left her on the prairie, but, strange to say, threw a buffalo robe over her. Toward daybreak she saw a light a short distance away, but feared to approach it, lest she should again fall into the hands of the Indians. As it got lighter she saw a house and white people stirring about it. To her grat joy it turned out to be the dwelling of Samuel Doss, the big cattleman, near Gainesville.

"The bodies of her nieces were found on the prarie, but they were without marks of violence. The girls had evidently been abandoned by the Indians, as Mrs. Sheegog had been, and had frozen to death. The two little girls were the older sisters of Mrs. A. W. Walker, 3712 Beverly Drive, Dallas. Mrs. Walker was an infant at the time. In their flight, Mrs. Sheegog saw an Indian kill her baby by striking its head with a pistol. Its body frozen to the ground was found at the place indicated by her. The settlers searched far and wide for the body of the negro boy, for they had little doubt that when he showed signs of perishing from the cold his captors dropped him on the prairie, too.

"The settlers mustered what force they could and pursuing the Indiaans, came up with them, and had a running fight in the night. Among the prisoners was a Miss Carrollton, 16 years old, who had been captured on the raid. She was

riding a wild horse, which, taking fright at the confusion and uproar of battle, ran away with her, carrying her far from the scene of strife, and thus enabling her to escape since the Indians were too busy at the moment to follow her. She held on to the horse for many miles as it flew over the frozen prairie as if pursued by wolves, until from sheer exhauston she fell off. In the course of the night she became able to stir and made her way to a ravine, which afforded some shelter from the cold north wind that swept the plains. When the sun rose she saw a house in the distance. It was the home of Dr. Davidson, a few miles from our house. When the Indians came to the Carrollton home, Mrs. Carrollton and her daughter were alone in the house. They murdered Mrs. Carrollton and carried the daughter away. I never knew the Carrolltons, nor did I ever hear Miss Carrollton's first name. I do not know what became of her.

"From what I heard at the time and afterward read of the raid, the Indians upon crossing from the reservation into Texas divided into two bands and ravaged a wide scope of country. They stole horses, burned houses, murdered men and murdered or carried away women and children. They burned more houses at the beginning of their progress than toward the end, for as they went they accumulated such a drove of horses that they were kept busy handling them, and had no time to destroy property. I do not know personally, but learned from the "Book of Pioneers" that nine persons were murdered on this raid. They were Mr. Leatherwood, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Fitzgerald, Arthur Parkhill, Mr. Loney, Mrs. Carrollton, JosephManasco, and May and Lizzie Manasco, with the negro boy missing or unaccounted for,

"After the raid the settlers of Cooke County became discouraged and began to leave the country. Father at once sold his land for almost nothing, since nobody wanted Cooke County lands at that time, and moved to Whitesboro.

"I do not know when my Uncle Preston Witt came to Texas, but it was early enough for him to take part in the battle of San Jacinto, and afterward in the Mexican War of 1846. He brought home from the field of San Jacinto a ring, a mantle and some other things worn by Santa Anna. He gave the mantle to his friend Dr. B. S. Shelburne of Lebanon, Collin County, who in turn gave it to his daughter, now Mrs. W. A. Smith, 4303 McKinley avenue, Dallas, who still has it. Uncle Preston induced father to come to Texas.

"We left our home near Alton, Ill., for Texas in 1849, and were three months on the way. I was 4 years old at the time. Mother was in failing health and the doctor said the trip would be good for her. He was so far correct that she completely regained her health. We settled six miles east of Plano, Collin County, where father located on 360 acres of land. Father, the Rev. Eli Witt, was a Baptist minister, and I have heard him say that he preached the first Baptist sermon that was preached in Dallas. He preached in the courthouse, a log structure with a puncheon floor. I have forgotten the year, but it must have been in 1850 or 1851. When we settled in Collin County the people feared prairie fires more than they feared Indians. The native grass was thick and tall, and when it caught fire the blaze swept the country, unless checked. All the settlers took the precaution to plow or burn spaces around their premises which the flames could not leap. We lived in Collin County until 1863, when we moved to Cooke County.

"Father and Uncle Hamp Witt bought 2,400 acres of land near the present town of Muenster, with a view of raising horses But learning that the Indians stole horses as fast as they were brought into that part of the country, they abandoned the idea and sold their land for 25c an acre in Confederate money, which turned out to be worthless when the Southern Confederacy fell.

"Uncle Preston Witt built the first grist mill operated in Dallas County. He hauled the machinery, or parts of it, on a wagon from Illinois and set it up near the present town of Carrollton. It was a tread mill, operated by oxen. Later he bought an engine and was thus also the owner of the first steam grist mill in the county. The Indians raided as far in as Dallas after Uncle Preston settled here. Once the settlers followed a band of the marauders and had a fight with them somewhere north of Fort Worth. In this fight Uncle Preston killed an Indian in a hand-to-hand fight and took his scalp, which he kept as a souvenir. I often saw the scalp at his house. Uncle Preston Witt was the father of the late John T. Witt and the grandfather of Jack F. Witt of Dallas.

Indian Massacre of the Brown Family

By T. U. Taylor, Dean of Engineering, University of Texas

(Nearly all the facts in the following account have been obtained from Joseph Shotwell Brown, Professor of Mathematics in the San Marcos State Teachers' College.)

At the banquet of the fortieth Reunion of the first graduating class of 1880 of the Sam Houston Normal College at the home of the President, Harry F. Estill, in June, 1920, Professor Brown related briefly the events of this Indian raid and I have finally obtained his consent to chronicle the details for permanent preservation.

At the time of this raid I lived in Parker County, perhaps twenty-eight miles from the scene of this disaster. Professor Brown and I met for the first time, however, in the fall of 1879 when we were students of the Sam Houston Normal at Huntsville, Texas, sixteen years after the murder. I had heard of this Indian raid often but it was many years later that I met one of the survivors. Just after the war I went from my home on the Bear Creeks in Parker County to Littlefield's Bend, and crossed Patrick's Creek near the scene of this terrible Indian massacre.

At the time of the murder the family consisted of father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Brown, seven girls, Sarah aged sixteen, Martha aged fourteen, Jane aged twelve, Bettie aged ten, Moie eight years old, and Essie and Tennie who were twins in arms. Joseph Shotwell, four years of age was the only boy. The family had come from Maury County, Tennessee, with a party of emigrants to Collin County, Texas, then to Palo Pinto County, but finally located in Parker County, eight or ten miles from Weatherford on Patrick's Creek. The nearest neighbors, the Gatlin family, lived about three hundred yards away, while it was half a mile to the home of Ike Welch.

At the time of the massacre, the father, F. C. Brown, was in the Confederate Army where he had been for the past year and a half. On August 12, 1863, about noon, the shouts and cries of an approaching band of Indians were heard. By the time that the Indians came in sight the mother and all the children, except little Joe, were on their way to the nearest neighbor, the Gatlin home. Joe was at the creek playing with a neighbor boy (Ike Welch) where his mother and father were washing wool. At the time the alarm was given, Ike and Joe were playing quite a ways up the creek. Ike's mother was seen coming hurriedly toward the boys, her long black hair was streaming down her back and as she cried excitedly, "Come on Ike." They ran up the creek and Joe wondered vaguely what it was all about. Left alone, he started toward the Brown house and soon heard the war whoop of the Indians. At first he thought it was the neighbor children playing, for he did not discover the Indians until he was within fifty yards of the house. He turned as quickly as possible and ran toward the creek, but the Indians had seen him and two of them pursued him. Small as he was he realized that he must hide somewhere. The creek was nearly dry, but he ran a short distance along the creek and darted under an over hanging rock that jutted out from the bank. The two Indians passed and he heard them talking but they did not discover him. He stayed in his hiding place until dark.

Meanwhile, the two older sisters had gathered up the twins at the first alarm and had fled towards Mr. Catlin's. The mother was running with the other children when she made inquiry about one of the small children, and it is supposed that she thought one child had been left behind for she turned and went back into the house which was by that time completely surrounded by Indians. She was seen to enter the house, to return to the outside for a minute, and later to start again towards the Gatlin's. However, she was not allowed to go, but was shot with nine arrows there in the yard, and was finally clubbed to death with the butt of a rifle.

All of the girls reached the Gatlin home and assisted in barricading it as best they could. When the Indians finished ransacking the Brown home they went to Gatlin's. There were fourteen women and children in that one house, these included the Brown and Gatlin families and some visiting girls, the men being away. A low rail-fence surrounded the place. With terrible war-whoops the Indians came racing to the Gatlin house, jumped the fence, rode round and round in the

yard yelling as they went, and finally stopped in front intent upon murdering all that were in the house. But the sister, Martha, who was only fourteen years old, had found an old gun barrel the stock of which had been broken. With this in hand, she planted herself at the door, changed her voice to imitate that of a man, talked to the leader through a "port-hole", and told him that if he got down from his horse she would "blow his brains out." The leader consulted with his men, they rode around the house again, and with another war-whoop jumped the fence and were gone. The strain had been so great for Martha that she collapsed and it was several days before she was again herself. It was her clever ruse which had saved all those women and children.

The little sister Betty was captured by the Indians but somehow she escaped from them and she returned holding an arrow which she had drawn from a wound in her own flesh. Sarah, the oldest sister, was wounded twice in the back while she was running with one of the twins in her arms, and an Indian, not satisfied with having inflicted that much pain, ruthlessly broke off both of the arrows, leaving the points buried in her flesh. She never recovered from these wounds and died within two weeks. One of the twins,Essie, also died in about two weeks for it would not take nourishment. The result of the raid were that the mother and two sisters were killed and the home entirely broken up.

When the father was informed of the terrible tragedy that had befallen his family, he asked for a furlough so that he might go home to arrange for his children. Gen. Bankhead refused to grant the furlough. Mr. Brown then told him that he would leave camp in spite of all military regulations, and that he would go that night on the best horse that the camp could provide. Mr. Brown also informed the pickets of the hour that he planned to leave, in order that they might have their backs turned at that time if they so desired. At the appointed time he rode past the pickets without being halted. When the father reached home he found the children scattered among the neighbors who, with true western kindness took care of the motherless children. The neighborhood had at last been aroused and had driven away all the Indians; but, so far as is known, none of them were ever brought to account for the murder of the mother, nor for the killing of William and Stuart Hamilton, sons of Reverend John Hamilton of the Christian Church, whom they had killed on the morning of the same day at a tanyard on Patrick's Creek, a mile or so below.

As soon as the father had arranged for his family he returned to camp. True to form, General Bankhead called him up for court-martial, asking him, "What is one man's family to the whole Confederacy?" He even threatened to have the father tied up by the thumbs, but sentiment in camp was so strong in favor of Mr. Brown that his punishment was lightened and he was placed in the guard-house for a term. He told General Bankhead that later when the war was over, they would meet on an equal footing and that then an account would have to be rendered for his lack of mercy. However, that meeting never came about for General Bankhead was killed on the streets of Memphis, Tennessee, by another man who had served under him during the war.

F. C. Brown died in San Marcos, at the home of his son, four or five years ago. Martha married a Mr. Dallas Thommasson and died in 1878. Jane married Newt Pickard and lives in Weatherford at the present time. Bettie married a Mr. Gillespie in Fayette county, near Waelder. She died a few years ago, leaving two sons, Frank and Joe. Moie lives with her brother, Joe, at San Marcos. Tennie married a Mr. Will Phillip and is living today in Fayette county, Texas.

Old Rangers in Reunion.

As we go to press with this issue of Frontier Times, the big reunion of the Texas Ex-Rangers Association is in progress at Menard. Many of the old boys who fought the Indians and followed the bloody trail of outlaws and desperadoes in the early days will be there to once more greet their comrades of the frontier. Captain Dan W. Roberts, Major Green, Captain J. B. Gillett, and other noted rangers of the gallant old type will be in attendance. Frontier Times sends greetings to these old heroes.

WANTED—Historical books on Texas, Indians, outlaws, and bad men of the West and Southwest. Will buy or exchange. Have books of same character, including Life of John Wes Hardin, to trade. Address Frank Caldwell, 108 E. 17th St., Austin, Texas.

The Killing of Hal Gosling in 1885

Ernest Beseler in Boerne Star, 1921

Up to 1886, before the San Antonio & Aransas Pass Railroad was built through the counties of Bexar and Kendall, and mail between San Antonio and the upper country was carried by a four-horse mail hack, which made daily trips, unless held up and robbed and thus delayed. This occured quite often, and always at certain places on the line, particularly at the "Big Hill," about sixteen miles south of Fredericksburg and at Balcones Creek, about five miles south of Boerne. The robbing was usually done by two men, who were called "Long and Short," and they always managed to get away unmolested. The robbers would suddenly step into the road as the stage came along, order the driver to stop and throw out the mail bags, and while the tall one covered him with a winchester, the short one would cut open the pouches, take out all the registered mail and such things that looked valuable, then stuff the other mail matter back into the pouches and toss them back to the driver, then direct his attention to relieving the after which the stage would be allowed to passengers of their cash and valuables, proceed on its journey.

The officrs of Kendall and Gillespie counties tried their best to catch these two daring robbers, but without success.

About the time these holdups occurred, the school house at Balcones Creek was burned down. Some people thought the fire was caused from a stove, while others were of the opinion that it was set on fire. In the school house was an organ which had been recently purchased, and a day after the fire one of the patrons, who was looking over the place where the school house stood, searched for some of the metal parts of the organ, but could not find any of these parts. He at once concluded that somebody had stolen that organ. He began investigating and found some fresh wagon tracks, which he followed, and came to a place where he noticed a good many shoe tracks which led to and from the burned school house. He reported his suspicions to the officers, a search was made, but no trace of the organ was found.

At this time there lived two families in one house, 11 miles north of San Antonio. One of these families was named Drown and the other was named Scott. They lived near the roadside and kept hay and grain for sale. Two other familes, Yeager and Brannon, lived near by. It had been suspected by freighters and other people who made trips along this road that everything was not as it should be at the Drown and Scott place, but nothing could be proven to be wrong until a young man named Harris and a man named Pitts made their appearance there. The Scotts had a pretty daughter about eighteen years old, and after Pitts and Harris pitched their camp near the Drown house they came over quite often. Harris and Pitts both fell in love with the girl, but her parents favored Pitts and told the girl not to encourage Harris under any circumstances, as, in their opinion, Pitts was the best man. The girl had a brother about twenty years old, named Frank Scott, who also favored Pitts suit. The girl was obstinate and said she would marry no one but Harris. Finally Harris was requested to stay away from the house by the Scotts, and he did not go there any more, but he passed quite often to see the girl. Suddenly Harris mysteriously dissapeared. No one knew where he went or what had happened to him. Some people thought he got tired of courting the Scott girl, but others thought different.

About this time some horses had been stolen in another neighborhood, and Brannon was charged with the theft. He was indicted and when the sheriff of Bexar county went to make the arrest he happened to meet Brannon in the road near Down's house. Brannon saw the sheriff coming and took flight. The sheriff ordered him to stop, but he paid no attention to the command and the sheriff fired and killed him.

After the killing of Brannon the officers of Bexar county became more interested in the disappearance of Harris.

The last time Harris was seen alive he was with Frank Scott, and both were riding horseback toward the monutains west of the Drown place. The officers questioned young Scott as to where he left Harris the day they were riding together, and all the information they secured from him was to the effect that he had separated himself from Harris

while looking for horses and had not seen him afterward. Searching parties, composed of neighbors went out to look for Harris but found no trace of him. The officers continued to work on the case quietly, as they were suspicious of foul play, and for months found no trace of the missing man. In the meantime the girl married Pitts and resided in the same house with her parents and the Down family. The girl, in confidence, told some of her friends that she had been forced to marry Pitts; that she hated him, and was quite sure he had a hand in the disappearance of Harris, whom she wanted to marry. This confession of the girl gradually leaked out and it came to the ears of the authorities. An old settler in the neighborhood suggested to the officers that they search a big cave about two miles west of the Down place, saying that the location of the cave was known to only a few people in the neighborhood. He volunteerd to take the officers to it, and upon arriving there it was found to be in a rough, brushy place. The entrance was not very large, but it widened out, going down perpendicular to a depth of about fifteen or twenty feet. One of the officers was let down into the cave by the aid of a rope, carrying a lighted lantern with him, as it was very dark at the bottom of the cave. The officer had not quite reached the bottom when he called back that there was a skeleton and a saddle in there. Another man was let down and the two wrapped the skeleton in a blanket, and with the saddle, it was hoisted to the surface. Upon examination of the skull a bullet hole was found, showing that the leaden missive had entered the back of the head and came out at the forehead, plainly showing that the person had been shot from behind, as the bullet hole in the back of the head was clean and round, while the hole in the forehead was large and the skull broken, with a piece torn out. The trousers and shirt on the skeleton were in fair condition, and by them and the saddle the identity of Harris was established. The remains were taken to the Drown place, and those who had seen Harris last were summoned to look at the dead man and the saddle, and all agreed that it was Harris beyond a doubt.

Frank Scott was the last one seen in company with Harris, riding off toward the mountains and in the direction of the cave, and the fact that he did not want Harris to marry his sister pointed very strong towards Scott as being the one who killed Harris. He was arrested and taken to San Antonio and placed in jail.

Just about that time something else happened. One of Scott's neighbors had some articles stolen, and from all indications it had been taken to the Drown place This man procured a search warrant and while the sheriff was searching the house some important discoveries were made. In making the search an organ had to be moved out of the corner, and while the officer was looking behind the organ he noticed a tag nailed to the instrument on which was inscribed the name of the Balcones School. It was the organ stolen from the school house at the time it had been burned. When the officer noticed this he concluded to make a clocer search and by doing so found some registered package envelopes which had been mailed in the upper part of the country and addressed to the San Antonio office. Other mail matter was also found which did not belong on the place. Without any delay he arrested Pitts and old man Scott, took charge of all the mail matter found left a deputy in charge of the house while he conveyed the prisoners to San Antonio and placed them in jail.

The registered package envelopes were placed in the hands of the postal authorities, and it was found that these envelopes were some of those taken in the stage robberies of the mail at the Big Hill. Old Man Scott and Pitts had an examining trial and were remanded to jail. A week later young Frank Scott confessed that he killed Harris to prevent him from marrying his sister. She did not know for certain that her brother had killed Harris, but she suspected that he had done so. When she heard of her brother's confession she at once went to the authorities and reported that Pitts and another young man named Yeager were the men who held up the United States mail hack at the Big Hill and at Balcones Creek, and that they also burned the school house and stole the organ. Yeager, who was also a very young man, was promptly arrested and placed in jail. Frank Scott had his trial before the others and was sent to the penitentiary for life. Afterward Pitts and Yeager were tried and found guilty of robbing the United States mail and were sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of years.

Shortly after the trial United States Marshall Hal Gosling came over from

Austin to take Pitts and Yeager to the pen to begin serving their sentences. Old Mrs. Drown, who was related to Pitts, and a Miss Yeager, the sister of the other convicted man, came to San Antonio the day Marshal Gosling was to take his prisoners to Austin. The women begged the Marshal to let them ride in the same coach with the prisoners as far as Austin, to which the marshal agreed. When the train was out of San Antonio, nine or ten miles, about where Westmore station is now on the I. & G. N. Railroad both prisoners suddenly drew revolvers and began shooting at the marshal, killing him almost instantly. The prisoners then made a rush for the door of the car, and the conductor, who was in the rear of the coach, started forward to prevent their escape, when he was held up by Mrs. Drown, who leveled a revolver at him, but the conductor shot from the hip and the old woman went down with a bullet in her abdomen. Mrs. Drown was a large woman weighing about three hundred pounds, and the conductor's shot took all the fight out of her.

The prisoners had some delay in geting the door open, and just at the monent the conductor fired at the old woman they swung open the door and jumped from the train, but as they jumped the conductor fired a few shots at them. As it was a "mixed" train on which this occurred the conductor could not give the engineer the stop signal by pulling a bell cord, and they proceeded about two miles from the place where the prisoners jumped off before the train could be stopped. The conductor then thought it best to hurry on to Austin with the body of the marshal and with the dying woman, and on arriving there a special coach with engine and officers at once returned to the place where the prisoners escaped.

The officers found blood on the ground where the prisoners had jumped, and by this were enabled to follow the trail for about 200 yards, when they came upon the body of Pitts. He was lying near a large rock with his left arm upon it. The rock was covered with blood, and his hand was missing from the arm. It was plain that when Pitts died, Yeager had laid Pitts' hand on the rock and battered it at the wrist where the handcuff was, with a sharp rock until the hand was severed. Yeager's right hand had been handcuffed to Pitts' left hand. It was growing late and the officers decided to go back with the body of Pitts and bring blood hounds in the morning to trail Yeager.

Yeager's home was about eight miles from where they found the body of Pitts but the officers were satisfied Yeager would not attempt to reach home at once. About a month later he was captured near his home and taken to the penitentiary.

Old Man Scott died shortly after this tragedy. Mrs. Drown died from the wound inflicted by the conductor. Frank Scott died in the penitentiary. This broke up a desperate set of highwaymen and murderers, and the "Long and Short" mail coach bandits were caught at last. Pitts was the Long and Yeager was the Short.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—In the battle in the railroad coach Yeager's sister received a bullet in the leg, but recovered. Yeager served several years in the penitenitary, and a few years ago was pardoned. At last accounts he was living in San Antonio.)

Rescuing History.

In almost every community in Texas there lives men and women who have helped to make the history of this grand old state of Texas; men and women who lived on the frontier in the early days and endured the hardships incident to pioneer life. Every one of these men and women can tell interesting experiences if they would. We urge them to write out their sketches, or get their children to write for them, and send in to Frontier Times. Put it in your own way, and we will properly correct and embellish your story, if necessary. We realize that many of the old pioneers of our state grew up during a time when free school advantages were not to be had and were deprived of educational advantages, and for this reason some of them hesitate to undertake to write their experiences. Do not let this handicap hinder you; put it down the best you can, or get some one to do it for you, and Frontier Times will dothe rest. It is the mission of this little magazine to rescue history that is perishing, and **you** can aid us in this way, and at the same time leave a printed record of your achievement for your children and grandchildren

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HEEL-FLY TIME IN TEXAS, a thrilling story of the Civil War period. Price 50c, postpaid. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Early Days in Texas.

W. M. McKee, of Bowie, Texas, recently sent the following short, but interesting sketch of early days to the Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News:

In reconstruction days in Texas promisory notes were payable in gold. Farm hands were paid $10 a month or 75c a day "from sunup to sundown." Wheat was 50c a bushel, corn usually 25c, but some years $2.25 a bushel. Fat beef cows on foot were $12.50, beef hides $1.50, work oxen $40 a yoke, horses $20. Good saddle horses were $25. Men's work shoes and women's everyday shoes were $1. a pair A gentle cow and calf brought $1., sheep $2.a head, common wool 22c a lb. Ox wagons were worth $40, pigs $1 each, with the mother thrown in. Turkey gobblers sold for 75c each, hens for 50c. Chickens brought 12½c each, butter 6c a pound, eggs 8 1-3c a dozen, and pecans 75c a bushel. Rail splitters got $1 a hundred. The blacksmith made the horseshoes and nails and shod a horse "all around" for $1, or 25c a shoe.

We hauled our cotton, wool and beef hides to Jefferson, Texas, sold them for gold and brought back the gold—thousands of dollars—in ox wagons. Some times we had ten to twelve wagons in a "train". We were never held up nor robbed. Old timers seldom put up their hands.

I remember a story of an early settler who wrote back to his brother to come to "God's country." He came and the two brothers saddled up two Texas ponies, mounted them and rode all day over the range. As far as the newcomer could see the prairies were covered with cattle, horses and sheep. He raised up in his stirrups, looked and looked and finally exclaimed: "Hooray for God!"

Women rode sidesaddles and wore long riding skirts. We went to school in log houses. No wonder we were great (!) men. No public schools then. McGuffey's Readers cost 60c, Smith's Arithmetic the same and the old Webster blueback spelling book 25c.

Send us a club of four subscribers and $6.00 to pay for the four, and we'll send Frontier Times to you for one year, free.

"The Trail Drivers of Texas," 2 volumes, Price $5.00. Order from Geo. W. Saunders, Union Stock Yards, San Antonio, Texas.

"Court" Babb Dies.

After having passed safely through many harrowing experiences during the days when Texas was really the "wild and wooly West," H. C. (Court) Babb died recently at his home at Stop 10 on the Fort Worth-Dallas highway, in his seventy-fourth year.

In the days when the Comanches and their allies swooped down on the Texas frontier settlements every light of the moon, to steal, murder and pillage, John Babb, Wise County pioneer, lived with his wife and four children on a little ranch twelve miles west of Decatur. One day in September, 1866, John Babb was in Arkansas on business, Court Babb was absent from home, and the wife and other three children, and a Mrs. Roberts, who lived with them, were at the ranch alone.

"Dot," 9 years old, now T. A. Babb of Armarillo, and his sister, Casibianca, called "Bank" a few years younger, were playing in the yard. The mother with her infant daughter, Maggie, and Mrs. Roberts were in the house

Suddenly a war party of Indians appeared,Mrs. Babb's throat was cut and her infant was left lying unharmed in her blood. Mrs . Roberts and the two younger children were carried off into captivity, from which they were ransomed a year later.

"Court" Babb grew up in an atmosphere fraught with danger, conducive of courage and self-reliance in men. As did other boys of that day, he grew up into the cattle business, working for years as a cowboy before being promoted to a more responsible position. W. T. (Tom) Waggoner was for many years an employer and a co-worker of Mr. Babb in cattle activities in Texas and in the Indian Territory. Later Mr. Babb became associated with the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers' Association as an inspector. Several years ago he retired to his home at Stop 10, where he lived with his wife and sister Margie, the infant girl that was spared miraculously when its mother was slain by the Indians.

Mr. Babb is survived by his wife; one brother,T. A. Babb of Armarillo; and two sisters, Mrs. J. D. Bell of Greenville, and Miss Margie Babb of Fort Worth.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine.

George Webb Slaughter Was a Pioneer

From "The Trail Drivers of Texas."
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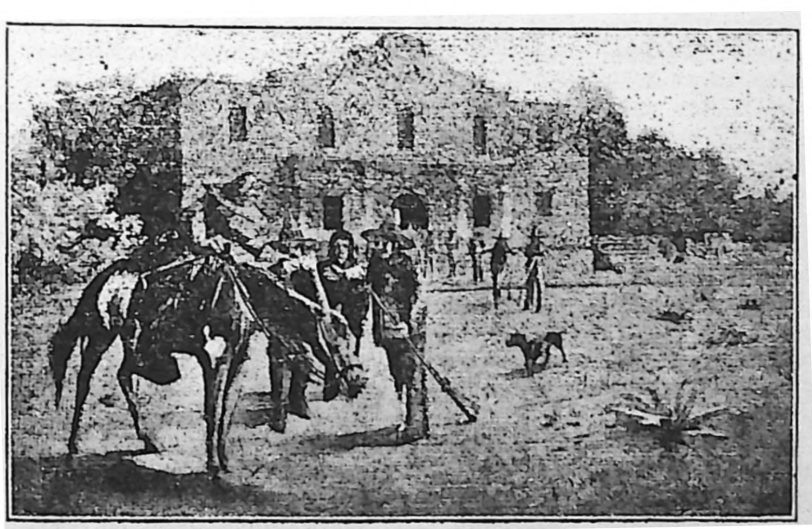
George Webb Slaughter was a native of Lawrence county, Mississippi, his birth occurring May 10, 1811, William Slaughter, his father, was a Virginian, born in 1781, his death occurring in Sabine county, Texas in 1852. The elder Mr. Slaughter was a farmer and had seen service in the war of 1812, fighting with Jackson at New Orleans. He married Miss Nancy Moore, of South Carolina, and was the father of eight children, four of them boys. In 1821 the family moved to Copiah county, Mississippi, and four years later started to Texas, but stopped for a time in Louisiana, and it was while living in the latter state that

George Webb Slaughter.

Mrs. George Webb Slaughter.

George Webb Slaughter received the only schooling (three weeks in all) which he ever had an opportunity to obtain. In 1830 the Slaughter family crossed the Sabine river and settled in what was then the Mexican state of Coahuila and Texas. At that time the country east of Austin was divided into municipalities governed principally by military laws. Petty officers were in charge at the different points and alcaldes, or magistrates, were appointed by them, while all matters of importance were referred to the District Commandant. Col. Piedras was in charge of the country along the Sabine, with headquarters at Nacogdoches. He was a man of narrow and decided views and but poorly qualified to exercise authority over a people reared in the enjoyment of American liberty. There was no tolerence of religious belief beyond a blind adherence to the Catholic church and an arrest by Col. Piedras of several Protest ant clergymen, who had attempted to hold services in the colony, precipitated one of the first conflicts between the colonists and the Mexican government. G. W. Slaughter, then a boy of nineteen or twenty, took an active part in the armed resistance to this act of tyranny, and his relation of the events which followed is vivid and interesting. A commissioner, sent to Col. Piedras to intercede for the prisoners' release, was treated with contempt, and Col. Bean Andrews, who repaired to the City of Mexico on the same errand was thrown into prison. Despairing of obtaining recognition and relief through pacific methods, the colonists held a mass meeting at San Augustine about June 1, 1832, and resolved to take matters into their own hands and release the prisoners, if need be, through force of arms. Preparations for this decisive step went quietly on, and in a short time 500 armed men met within two miles of Nacogdoches and sent to Piedras under flag of truce, a demand for the prisoners' liberation. In reply a company of cavalry came out with a counter demand for the surrender of the whole party. Immediate hostilities followed. The Mexicans were driven back to town after one or two ineffectual stands, and eventually forced to evacuate the fort and seek safety in flight. Quite a number of Mexicans were killed, but only three Americans, one of whom was G. P. Smith, an uncle of G. W. Slaughter. At that time the Angelina river was swollen with recent rains

its bottom lands flooded and impassable except at one point, some eighteen miles from the fort, where a bridge had been built. Here all the men who were provided with horses were directed to hasten to stop the retreat of the panic-stricken Mexicans, while the remainder of the force followed, thus bringing the enemy between two fires and compelling the entire command to surrender. Col. Piedras was allowed to return to Mexico under promise of excusing the colonists and interceding for their pardon, but he proved false to his trust and his report of the affair at Nacogdoches only still further incensed the government. Mr. Slaughter was under fire for first time in this skirmish or battle. During the temporary lull which followed previous to the general out break of war, he was occupied in freighting between Louisiana and Texas points, and one of his loads—perhaps the most valuable of them all consisted of the legal library of Sam Houston, which he hauled to Nacogdoches in 1833. He had previously met Houston while attending court at Nachitoches, La., and he mentions the fact that upon this occasion the future president of the Texas Republic was dressed in Indian garments and decked out in all the glory of scalp-lock, feathers and silver ornaments. Mr. Slaughter was an earnest admirer of Houston and was more than pleased when the latter assumed control of the Texan forces. The company in which he enlisted reported to Houston for duty at San Antonio, and was in several engagements which immediately followed, among others the famous "Grass Fight," one of the hottest of the war. Houston then advanced toward Mexico, but halted near Goliad upon intelligence that Santa Anna was approaching with an army of 15,000 men. Col. Fannin with the forces under his command was encamped in a strong position in a bend of the river below Goliad. Travis was in the Alamo with those gallant spirits who were to remain with him faithful and uncomplaining until death. Houston, safe in the consciousness that on the open prairie lay perfect safety from beleaguerment, watched the approach of the Mexican army and pleaded with Fannin and Travis to abandon the fortifications and join him. Mr. Slaughter served as a courier, making several trips to Fannin and Travis in the Alamo. On one of the latter, in obedience to instructions from Gen. Houston, he delivered into the hands of Col. Travis an order to retreat. After reading it, Travis consulted his brother officers, acquainted his men with the contents of the message, and drew a line with his sword and called upon all who were willing to remain with him and fight, if need be, to the death, to cross it. The decision was practically unanimous to defend the fort to the last extremity. Only one of the little band chose to make his way to the main army; he was let down from the walls and made his escape. Travis hoped for reinforcements that would enable him to inflict upon Santa Anna a bloody and decisive repulse that would check him on the out skirts of the settlements, or, failing in this, detain his army a sufficient length of time to enable the colonists to mass an adequate force to meet him successfully in the open field. He fully realized the peril of his situation and concealed nothing from his comrades. They determined to stake their lives upon the hazard and were immolated upon the alter of their country.



George Webb Slaughter Delivering Sam Houston's Message to Travis.

Mr. Slaughter returned to headquarters and reported the result of his mission.

Later while on a hazardous trip to the Alamo, then known to be invested with Santa Anna's army, he encountered Mrs. Dickinson and her negro slave, survivors of the massacre, who had been released by the Mexican commandant and instructed to proceed to General Houston with tidings of Travis' fate. The butchery of Fannin and his men followed shortly after, and Santa Anna pressed on after General Houston, who had retreated to the east side of the Brazos. Meantime Mr. Slaughter was employed in carrying messages and in procuring subsistance for the army, accepting many dangerous missions and performing them all to the satisfaction of his commanding officer. History relates how Houston retreated and how the Mexican army followed until it was led into a trap at San Jacento, where the tables were turned and Santa Anna defeated and captured, his troops slaughtered, and his invasion brought to an ignominous end. The victory at San Jacinto was not the end of hostilities; but, following it, there came a breathing spell, of which Mr. Slaughter hastened to take advantage. Gaining a leave of absence, under promise of returning at once in case he was needed, he hastened to his home, and on the 12th day of the following October he was married to Miss Sarah Mason, to whom he had been engaged for some time. The ceremony was only deferred to this date because under the disorganized state of the country there was no officer with legal authority to perform it. The marriage of Mr. Slaughter was the first ceremony of the kind under the sanction of the Republic which he had been instrumental in establishing. The newly wedded couple settled in Sabine county, and Mr. Slaughter resumed freighting for a livelihood, engaging in the employ of the new government.

At the time of the Cherokee troubles, in 1839, the eastern counties organized companies in pursuance of President Houston's orders, and Mr. Slaughter was elected captain of the company organized in Sabine. The newly recruited forces assembled at Nacogdoches, and in a body marched to reinforce General Rusk, who was stationed with a small force on the Neches river, where Chief Bowels was encamped with 1,600 Cherokees. Two days were spent in an ineffectual attempt to arrange a treaty and the Indians dropped back from their position, but were followed and a fight ensued in which the Cherokees lost eleven killed and the whites only three, though fourteen of their number were wounded. The Indians again retreated and the following day there was a general battle; Chief Bowles was killed, with several hundred of his followers, while the remainder of the Cherokees fled westward, being followed to the Bois d' Arc fork of the Trinity, three or four days march, by companies of Captains Slaughters and Todd.

The need which had prompted the organization of an armed force now no longer existing, the men disbanded, and Mr. Slaughter returned to the labors and attendant comforts of home life. In 1852 he moved to Freestone county, intending to turn his attention to stock-raising. He brought with him ninety-two head of cattle and established a ranch near the old town of Butler, and in five years he resided there his herd increased to 600 head. Mr. Slaughter believed there were better opportunities to be gained by removal further west, and in 1857 drove his herds to Palo Pinto county, locating five miles north of the town of that name, at that time known as Golconda. He bought 2,000 acres of land and located by certificate 960 acres more, and the ranch located at that time was thereafter his home, though his residence at this point was not continuous. In 1858-59 Mr. Slaughter was occupied in raising stock and running a small farm, but the following year moved his stock to Young county, at a point near the Ross Indian Reservation. He had then 1,200 head of cattle and a small bunch of horses, but lost forty head of the latter through theft by Indians in 1860, and for these and other property stolen, he later filed claims against the government aggregating $6,500.

Mr. Slaughter's holdings of cattle had increased in 1867-68 to such an extent that he decided to sell the greater portion of them, and he accordingly disposed of 12,000 to James Loving and Charles Rivers at a uniform price of $6.00 Rivers was afterwards killed by the Indians while in camp in Jackson, in June, 1871. Following the sale of his cattle Mr. Slaughter formed a partnership with his son, C. C. Slaughter, and began driving cattle through to Kansas. The first drove only consisted of 800 head, but they brought the neat little sum of $32,000. For the seven years up to and including 1875, the herds of Slaughter & Son were driven to Kansas points and thence shipped to St. Louis and Chicago. The drive

in 1870 was probably the largest, numbering 3,000 head, and the returns from this herd footed up $105,000. In 1870 Mr. Slaughter moved his family to Emporia, Kansas,in order that his children might have the advantage of the superior facilities at that point, but in 1875 he returned to Texas and resumed operations on his old ranch in Palo Pinto county. The number of cattle handled and the money received from their sale can be expressed in round figures as follows:

1868, 800 head, $32,000.00; 1869, 2,000 head, $90,000.00; 1870, 3,000 head,$105,000.00; 1871, 2,000 head, $66,000; 1873, 2,000 head, $66,000.00; 1874, 2,000 head, $60,000.00; 1865, 1,000, $45,000.00. Such figures as these go a long way toward impressing the reader with the importance of the cattle business twenty years ago. In 1876 Mr. Slaughter dissolved parterership with his son, C. C. Slaughter, taking into business with him another son, Peter, and in 1878 they sold and shipped 4,000 cattle. Six years later, on account of declining health, Mr. Slaughter disposed of his cattle interests and afterwards devoted his time to the care of his ranch and other property. He had at his Palo Pinto ranch 1,280 acres of land, and owned 1,300 acres in other portions of the state, and property in Mineral Wells. Securing his land when nearly the entire country was open for selection, Mr. Slaughter had one of the most desirable locations in the country, and prized it more highly in remembrance of the hardships and dangers attendant upon its settlement. During the first few years of his residence in Palo Pinto county the Indians were very troublesome, and Mr. Slaughter could relate many incidents of border war-fare from the standpoint of an eye-witness and participant. In 1864 he had a skirmish with seven Indians on Cedar Creek, in Palo Pinto county, several shots were fired, but the Indians were finally frightened away. Three years later the Indians made a raid on his ranch and stole all the horses, and John Slaughter, a son received a bullet wound in the breast. Skirmishes with the red-skins were then of too common occurrence to attract much attention beyond the immediate neighborhood. The entire Texas border was a battlefield, and those living on the upper Brazos had to guard themselves the best they could. In 1866 Mr. Slaughter was driving a small bunch of cattle on Dry Creek, near Graham, when he was attacked by thirteen Indians, but his carbine and revolver proved too much for their courage and they retreated after he had wounded one of their number. In the month of April, 1869, a bunch of Indians surrounded and massacred thirteen government teamsters near Flat Top Mountain in Young county. Mr. Slaughter was within two miles of this place, camped with fourteen men, holding 800 head of cattle which he had gatered. The Indians attacked them, and they only escaped through strategy. Six of the men were sent with the cattle in the direction of Sand Creek, and the remainder of them, including Mr. Slaughter and his son, C. C. Slaughter, made a breastwork of the horses and awaited an attack. Profiting by a deep ravine at hand, some of the men crept cautiously away, and suddenly appearing at another point, made a charge upon the Indians, who supposed there were more re-enforcements coming, and beat a retreat.

Mr. Slaughter was an earnest worker all his life and few men proved themselves so useful in so many and varied capacities. He was for many years a minister in the Baptist church. During his ministry he baptized over 3,000 persons and ordanined more preachers and organized more churches than any other person in the state of Texas. When Rev. Mr. Slaughter first came to Palo Pinto county, in starting out to fill his appointments as minister, he would saddle his horse, fill his saddle bags with provisions, take along his picket rope and arm himself with two six-shooters and his trusty carbine. The distance between the places where he preached being sometimes as great as sixty miles, it was often necessary for him to camp overnight by himself. Twice he was attacked by Indians but escaped uninjured. On one occassion while he was preaching in the village of Palo Pinto, the county was so filled with hostile Indians and wrought up to such a pitch that Mr. Slaughter kept his six-shooter and his carbine at his side during the sermon, and every member of his congregation was likewise armed.

He first united with the Methodist church in 1831, but in 1842 joined the Baptist church and in 1844 was ordained to preach. He studied and practiced medicine, and was for a number of years the only physician in Palo Pinto county.

Eleven children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Slaughter, six boys and five girls. Mr. Slaughter died at his home, six miles north of Palo Pinto March 19, 1895.

Henry Scott Captured by Indians

J. R. Lott, Poteet, Texas.

Among the early settlers of the coast section of Texas were quite a number of Irish people who came over from the old country with the Powers and Hewitson Colony, the settlement of which extended from the San Antonio River to San Patricio on the Nueces River. The Scott family of this colony concluded to locate near Brownsville on what was then known as Resaca de la Palma, about five miles from Brownsville. They had been living there undisturbed for sometime, when one bright Sunday morning they found themselves completely surrounded by twenty or thirty Indians, who furiously attacked them. The father and eldest son were both slain before they could make any defense. Another son, Henry Scott, and a Mexican boy about fifteen years old were captured, while the mother and one child succeeded in hiding themselves among the rank weeds and escaped being seen by the Indians. After taking everything they could conveniently carry away, one of the Indians asked the boy in Spanish where their horses could be found, threatening the boys with death if they did not promptly reveal the whereabouts of the horses. The Mexican boy pointed in a direction he thought some horses would be found, and they started out to get them, taking the boys along. When they reached a small glade where they expected the horses to be grazing not a horse was to be seen, and the Indians began preparations to carry out their threat. Just at that moment, however, the horses were seen coming into the glade. The Indians sent out flankers on each side and soon had the animals inside a corral of living Comanches. Each of the Indians had two lariats and buckskin strings, and after securing a mount for each, the boys included, they tied the captives' hands so tight as to almost stop circulation of blood, then made them mount on the bareback of the horse, and tied a rawhide tug above their ankles and passing it under the horse, tied it securely to the other ankle and so tight as to cause terrible pain. The wretches then took a northwest course and hurried out of the country. Henry Scott suffered so much he cried aloud from pain, and his agony seemed to delight the Indians, who would mimic him and make faces at him, but the little Mexican boy was game and put in good time cursing and abusing the redskins, calling them squaws and coyotes. They traveled rapidly all day and part of the night, finally reaching a lake of water where they went into camp. The boys were untied from the horses and told to lay down to sleep, and the Indians formed a circle around them, leaving two Indians on guard. The boys were so exhausted they could sleep but little. Early the next morning they were off again, but the Indians did not tie their limbs so tight this time, and their suffering was not so great. After traveling all day they stopped just before night at a water hole and camped, killing a colt to roast. After gorging themselves, they again formed a circle about their captives and lay down to sleep, with the boys in the center. Soon all were sound asleep. The Mexican warned Henry to keep awake and they would escape, constantly pinching him to keep him from dosing. Finally the regular breathing of the slumbering Indians indicated that their sleep was heavy, and the two boys silently arose and stepping carefully over the Indians nearest them they crept into the thicket and untied two of the best horses in the outfit. Henry mounted his horse and was anxious to be off, but the little Mexican whispered to him that the Indians had but one gun and he was going back to get it. Handing his rope to Henry he softly stole back to the camp and stealthily lifted the gun from the hands of the sleeping warrior, and returned to Henry. They rode slowly out of hearing of the camp, then increased their pace to a gallop and kept it up all night. After daylight they kept a sharp lookout behind, but no Indians appeared to trouble them, and in due time, worn out and almost dead from suffering, they reached the ruined home.

I had this account from Captain Henry Scott fifty-six years ago. Captain Scott was instrumental in bringing to justice the murderers of the Swift family, of which more anon.

"The Trail Drivers of Texas," 2 volumes, Price $5.00. Order from Geo. W. Saunders, Union Stock Yards, San Antonio, Texas.

Murder of Mrs. Hunter and Daughter

From Wilbarger's "Indian Depredations in Texas."

There is but little to chronicle concerning the settlement of Grayson county during the two years of 1840 and 1841, except attacks, murders and depredations committed by the Indians. It was fight and work, and work and fight the whole time, the harrassed settlers scattering to their farms for a season, again taking refuge at Warren, or gathering together at the home of some better protected neighbor until the danger was over. The weary pioneer could only endure with patience, and hope that emigration and a superiority of numbers would finally effect a peace that the government seemed indifferent to hasten. One instance can only be given when the government came to their relief and that was when a company of regulars were sent out in the fall of 1839. They were thoroughly equipped with baggage wagons, ordnance, military tactics and red tape. It is needless to say they never sighted an Indian. The tardiness of the government and its slow deliberation in aiding and protecting these people is thoroughly in keeping with the course pursued with New Mexico and Arizona. What other government under the shining sun would hesitate and waste precious time in useless forms while a handful of Indians were murdering its subjects, stealing and generally defying the ruling powers? The prayers of the so-called humanitarians have never saved an innocent settler's life yet, or so changed the nature of an Indian that he would not kill and scalp whenever an opportunity offered.

These wars and rumors of wars did not hinder immigration as might be supposed; on the contrary, people were coming into Texas from all directions and taking advantage of the liberal inducements offered by the Republic in regard to land grants—every man of family located wherever the situation pleased him, and there settled with the intention of making that place his home. The majority of immigrants were farmers—just what the new country needed—and not town builders. Warren grew but slowly, and Sherman was yet in the future, and not thought of.

The settlers lived too far apart for sociability; but all were united in one common cause, that of making comfortable homes for themselves and of defense against their common enemy, the Indians. The later emigrants into Grayson county of about 1840 numbered among them one Doctor Hunter and family, who, tempted by the glowing descriptions of Texas, the fertility of the soil and beautiful landscapes, decided to make it their home, locating about eight miles east of Warren, and quite a distance from any neighboring settler. The family consisted of Doctor Hunter, his wife and four children, one son and daughter grown, and two little girls of ten and twelve years of age; a colored woman servant also accompanied them. The first important event that transpired in this family circle after settling in their new home was the marriage of their eldest daughter to Mr. William Lankford of Warren.

The wedding festivities over, the happy pair departed to their new home a few miles west of Choctaw, near Red River, and the family resumed their daily routine. All was peace, quietude and happy content until, like a cloud of vampires, the Indians, with one fell blow, forever blasted that happy home, and thus it was: A few days after the wedding the doctor and his son had occasion to be away from home on business and did not expect to return until evening. Not dreaming of danger lurking in the woods the rest of the family pursued their usual avocation without uneasiness or fear of trouble. Late in the afternoon the two little girls took a bucket and went to the spring, a hundred yards or more from the house, to get some water. Little realizing the dreadful doom awaiting them at the end of their path, they tripped along in unsuspecting innocence, and with merry thoughts and childish chatter, reaching the spring, filled the bucket and started back to the house. But glittering restless eyes were watching every movement and they had taken but a few steps when a hideously painted Indian sprang out of the bushes by the path,and before a sound could be uttered he shot the younger girl with an arrow, killing her instantly. This painted fiend was joined by another and still another until ten of his companions appeared from where they had been concealed in the bushes, and the poor girl, paralyzed with fright, offered no

resistance, when they speedily took her captive and carried her with them to her home to witness the completion of their devilment. So quiet and sudden had been their attack upon the girls that no alarm had been raised and they had no trouble in suprising and killing Mrs. Hunter and the negro woman, scalping the former but not touching the latter.

Then they leisurely commenced ransacking the house for plunder; ripped open the feather beds and poured feathers all over their victims first, then packed up all the blankets and clothes they wanted, destroying the rest. In their search for valuables they came across a medicine chest belonging to the doctor which afforded them considerable amusement. They emptied bottles, threw pills at each other, taking care not to swallow any, and rumaged and smelled of everything in the chest with a good deal of hilarity until they got hold of some assafoedita and agua fortis. That proved too much for them, and with a good deal of snuffing and many grunts of disgust they ceased their investigations and prepared to leave.

It was growing dark and they suddenly seemed to think it was time to leave. So gathering up their spoils in great haste and securing their prisoner they left in a hurry. They had not yet got out of hearing when young Hunter rode up to the fence and hallooed for some one to come out. His sister and the Indians heard him, and to get away from that vicinity in greater haste one of the Indians took her on his back and carried her until they considered themselves safe from pursuit. They traveled all that night in a drizzling rain and only halted next dayto dry their blankets and rest, then they scattered in parties of two and three to mislead any pursuit, and in a few days reached their villages.

To return to the scene of the tragedy: When young Hunter could get no response to his repeated calls, and seeing no light anywhere, he dismounted and went into the house, wondering where his folks were and why they were absent. All was darkness and silence; the pungent odor of the medicines pervaded the air, and a horror of something he knew not what, took possession of him. He hastened to make a light, and in groping around in the dark, hunting for the steel and flint he stumbled over something lying on the floor. Stooping down to find out what it was, to his horror he felt a body, and feeling feathers all over it his trembling hand sought the face. Brushing aside the feathers, moist and clammy with her life blood, he recognized his murdered mother, and in the same moment felt the dreaded "sign manual" of the blood thirsty savages—his mother was scalped!

What a situation! Alone in the dark, his murdered mother lying cold at his feet, his sisters, perhaps, in the same condition somewhere, the nearest neighbor miles away. What was he to do? Bewildered and stunned by this awful condition of things, he staggered to his horse, mounted and with all possible speed roused the neighbors and started rangers in pursuit of the Indians. But it was, of course, a fruitless journey, as the Indians had gained a good many hours' advantage and had scattered in all directions.

Search was made about the house for the girls, and not finding them it was believed that both had been carried off by the Indians. It was by accident that the body of the murdered girl was found near the spring the next day, and that left the fate of the other one wrapped in mystery and uncertainty. An age of suspense and anxiety passed before the broken-hearted father and brother could get any tidings whatever of the missing girl, when at last they heard that a white girl of about her age had been sold to the friendly Choctaws by some wild Indians.

Hoping and praying that she might prove to be his sister the brother went over to the Nation and hunted her up. He found her and saw at last his long lost sister; bought her from her owners and brought her back to what was left of home and family circle. In relating her experiences with the savages she said that on the journey from her home to their village the Indians would mark out a circle on the ground every night when they camped, build a fire in the center of it and make her sit by it and scrape and clean her mother's scalp. Night after night the poor girl had to go through this performance until they arrived at the Indian villages. She was compelled to work early and late with little to eat and exposed to all kinds of weather. For six months they kept her going from one band to another until they saw a good chance to make a trade, then sold her to the Choctaws, and from them she was at last rescued by her brother and taken home.

When Henry Shane's Diplomacy Failed

Henry Shane was the name of a young man employed on the ranch of Major Riordan, near Fort Clark. Indian raids were frequent and their depredations numerous, but Shane never seemed to have any uneasiness about his scalp, and his careless manner while out on the range and his indifference to danger, called forth repeated warnings from his employer, to whom he was wont to reply: "If the Indians will leave me alone I am sure not to bother them, and if they ever catch me I'll be so nice and polite to them that they will turn me loose. I was never cut out for a fighter. I'm a diplomatist."

One day while out on the range a band of sixteen Indians bore down on him and took him prisoner, and as he made no resistance, his life was spared. Finding himself in the hands of the savages, Shane resorted to diplomacy, and in order to meet his arguments in the most convincing manner,, the Indians whipped him unmercifuly with a rawhide thong, after which they tied their captive on the back of a mule and resumed their march. This was late in the evening and the Indians continued their journey until about three o'clock in the morning, and went into camp. They took Shane from the mule, and proceded to "loosen him up," as the boys expressed it, by whipping him again with rawhide straps. After limbering up his joints by means of this system of rawhide massage, they put him to bed with an old buck Indian. This was done to prevent his escape. Henry said afterwards that the smell of that old Indian was simply awful; it was worse than the effluvia arising from a boat load of putrid fish. Next morning they whipped him again and, after tying him to the mule, they set out and traveled until noon, when they halted for their mid-day meal. They untied Shane, took him from his mule, and were preparing their rawhides for another course of treatment when, as good luck would have it, they were charged by a party of United States soldiers. There were only eight or ten soldiers in the party and the Indians, being encouraged by the small number opposed to them, stood their ground and a desperate fight ensued. During the confusion that followed, Shane took to his heels and got away, but in doing so an Indian shot an arrow through his arm. He wandered around four days without food, but finally made his way back to Riordan's ranch, pretty badly used up by his association with the Indians. The people at the ranch had not heard of the fight until Shane told them, and when Major Riordan asked him who got whipped, the soldiers or the Indians, Shane naively replied:

"Well Major, when I left, and for quite a distance, I heard an awful lot of shootin and yellin', but as my business lay a-rollin' and bein' somewhat in a big hurry, I didn't stop to ask any questions as to which side whipped in the fight; and all I know about it is that the red rascals whipped me nearly to death before the fight opened and my first impulse was to burn the breeze."

The redskins had lashed his back into almost a solid sore, and he suffered great pain for several days.

From that date young Shane became a changed man. Major Riordan displayed his delight over Shane's escape and return and he gave him a fine six-shooter, with whch on several occasions he used effectively in squaring accounts with the with which on several occassions he used had given him. He proved to be one of the bravest and most daring Indian fighters on the border and as late as 1886 was still living in Uvalde county.

NO MUSIC METHOD compares with my Ten Self-Explanatory Piano Lessons. Result of 25 years' teaching. Fifteen dollars for course. Send C. O. D. —Mrs. Fletcher Layton, Medina, Texas.

WANTED—Back numbers of Frontier Times, Nos 3, 5 and 7, for December, February and April. Tell me what you want in exchange or cash.—Frank Caldwell, 108 East 17th St., Austin, Texas.

WANTED—Books on Sam Bass. "Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang," by a citizen of Denton County, Texas, published in 1878; 143 pages. "A Sketch of Sam Bass, the Bandit," by Charles L. Martin, published in 1880; 152 pages.—E. P. Lamborn, R. R. 2, Leavenworth, Kansas.

WANTED—Copy of the "Life of Ben Thompson." Anyone having copy for sale please write Frank Caldwell, 108 E. 17th St. Austin, Texas.

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Frontier Times favors the enactment of a pension law that will give every man and woman who settled on the frontier prior to 1870, and remained there, a pension of at least fifty dollars per month. Our Civil War veterans are pensioned, our World War veterans receive a bonus, our Texas Rangers (some of them) receive pensions, but the men and women who went out into the wilderness and established homes, and braved the dangers of the frontier— what do they receive ? They risked their lives, they fought the Indians back, they made our frontier safe for the present generation. The government owes every one of them a pension. Many of these old pioneers are in destitute circumstances, today and in their old age they should be taken care The government which owes them so much for heroic services performed.

Col. W. K. Baylor, whose sketches of frontier life are now appearing in this magazine under the title of "The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago," has supplied us with a fine lot of material for the series. Don't fail to read his articles, for every one of them is full of thrilling interest.

Col. H. G. Bedford, author of that highly interesting book, "Texas Indian Troubles," published some years ago, writes us from Midland to enroll him as a subscriber to Frontier Times. Col. Bedford says he is trying to arrange for a second edition of his book, which, when it comes from the press, will meet with ready sale. Col. Bedford will probably send in some sketches to this magazine

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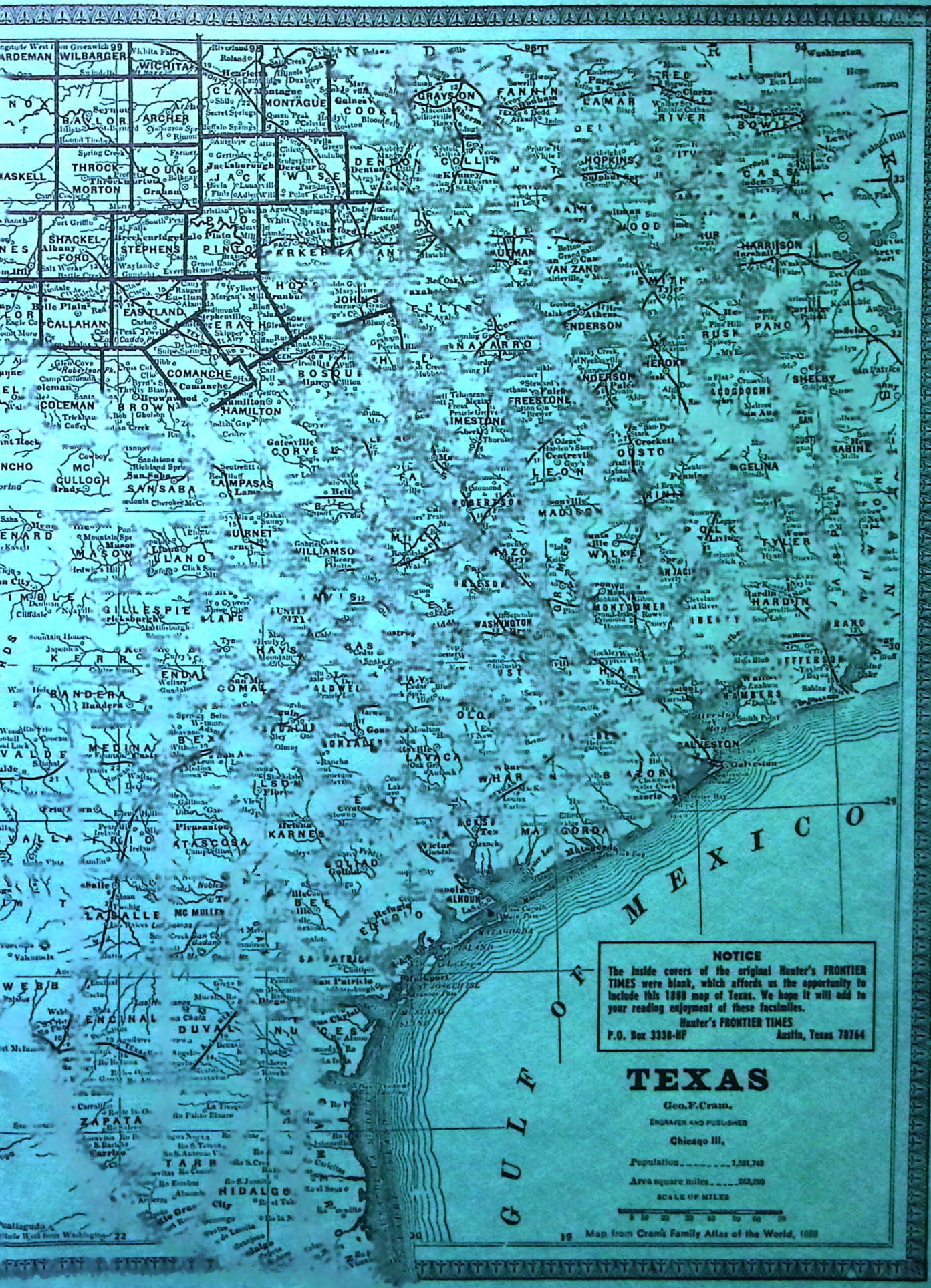
Henry J. Brown, of Deming, New Mexico, writes: " I am sending you four new subscribers, with money order for $6.00 to pay for them. I sure enjoy reading Frontier Times, as I commenced wandering between the Rio Colorado and the Rio Grande down in Texas in 1864 and kept it up until 1886. I have seen many accounts of Indian and other depredations in your magazine, the facts of which I was well acquainted with. I think it is a crying shame the way the State of Texas has treated many men who put in the best part of their lives fighting Indians and outlaws on the Texas frontier. Dudley T. Richardson, a citizen of Uvalde county from 1856 to 1884 died in Hillboro, New Mexico, August 2[illegible] 1922, in destitute circumstances. H. brother, George, and brother-in-law Sebe Barrymore, were killed by Indians between the Eight Mile Water on the Rio Frio and Uvalde in 1864. Uncle Dud's widow is now nursing for a living. Wm. P. Birchfield, who now reads Frontier Times, was a cowman and rancher for many years in Uvalde county, Texas, with his brother, Steve, or "Clubfoot," as he was known in old times."

Mrs. M. J. Lee, a regular reader of Frontier Times, who resides at Upland, California, recently sent the following letter to the Dallas Semi-Weekly News:

"I once lived on Iron Ore Creek, not far from the present city of Denison. Joe and Mary Ann Airhart ran a mill on Iron Ore Creek about the year 1858, I think. It was about that time it was predicted that the world would come to an end on a certain day. So Mrs. Airhart had the mill shut down and made the hands kill a beef and asked everybody to a shooting match for the meat. She was a whole-souled, good woman. She laughed and said, "We will have one good day before the end comes." I was then a young girl going to school to Mr. Holler at a log schoolhouse called Oak Bowery. four or five miles southwest of Sherman, Denison was not even thought of then. I am now 82 years old and the world is still moving on and improving all the time. No end in sight yet, though, like a thief in the night, it may come. I am just letting God run it his own way.

"I wonder if anyone else is yet alive who can remember the thousands of gray squirrels that were traveling through Texas from the southeast to the northwest? When they came to a river they swam across and just kept going. I do not know where they went nor where they came from, but they were the fattest squirrels I ever saw. We feasted on them every day while they were going through that part of the country. Maybe the squirrels got scared about the end-of-the-world prophecy and were trying to escape.

"I surely would like to get letters from old friends who used to know me as Mary Jane Ely."


NOTICE
The inside covers of the original Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES were blank, which affords us the opportunity to include this 1888 map of Texas. We hope it will add to your reading enjoyment of these facsimiles.
Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES
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TEXAS
Geo.F.Cram.
ENGRAVER AND PUBLISHER
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Population.....1,591,749
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SCALE OF MILES
GULF OF MEXICO
Map from Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888

This issue of Frontier Times rounds out the first volume of this interesting little magazine —twelve numbers. If our efforts to give the true record of the privation, the hardships, and the dangers endured by our pioneers, has met with your approval and if you want to aid in preserving the history made by these heroic men and women, we hope you will renew your subscription promptly, and also tell your neighbors to subscribe for Frontier Times, the only magazine in the world devoted to frontier history, border tragedy, and pioneer achievement. We need your help. Frontier Times wants 10,000 new subscribers—and if every patriotic citizen of Texas will subscribe we will soon reach the goal. A ready response to this appeal means a bigger and better Frontier Times muy pronto. Send your $1.50 today.